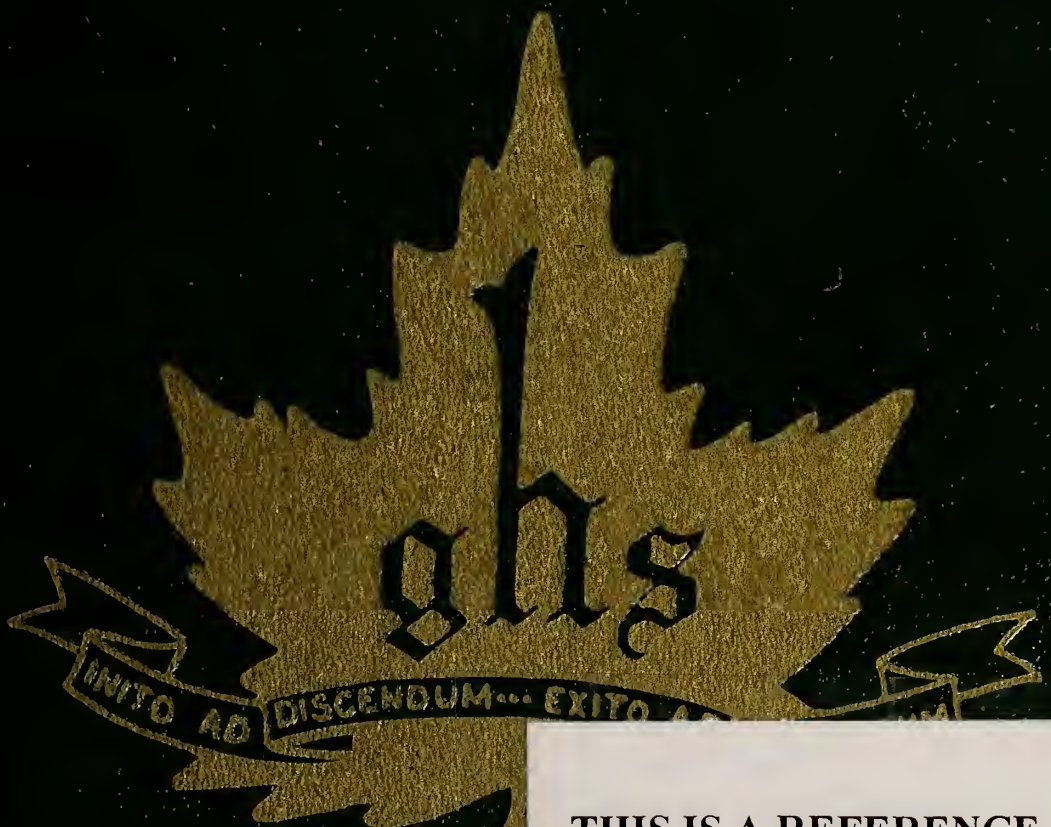
THE GRAMMARIAN



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1983







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THE
HALIFAX GRAMMAR
SCHOOL

THE TWENTY-THIRD EDITION OF
THE GRAMMARIAN
1983

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Foreword

After many tedious and trying hours of work, we, the staff of *The Grammarian* have turned out what we hope to be, yet another successful edition of the yearbook. This being our school's twenty-fifth anniversary and *The Grammarian's* twenty-third, we hope this will be an especially memorable one. Special thanks and appraisal must go to Nadine Bishop, the editor, and to all participants in general for their cooperation and assistance. We hope you enjoy *The Grammarian 1983.*

Brigid Roscoe
Katherine Bishop
(Assistant Editors)

Dedication

This year being the twenty-fifth anniversary of our school, we would like to take the opportunity to acknowledge the efforts of one man, Dr. J. Gordin Kaplan, without whose motivation and enthusiasm, our school would not exist. Dr. Kaplan sparked others' zeal for the project, founding a small boys' school on Tower Road consisting of fifty-three students. Since then it has expanded to form the Halifax Grammar School as we now know it. This year Dr. Kaplan will be visiting the school from Edmonton, where he is presently employed at the University of Alberta. As we welcome him back, we express our gratitude for his determination and drive in making this school what it is today.





Headmaster's Message

The Grammarian has in its most recent history taken on a much more professional tone, particularly in reference to the photography, the financing and ducks aside (sorry George) it's literary quality. So for this year's staff it poses a great challenge and yet one bound to be met, as those responsible for this one have diligently worked through the ranks of leadership on previous editions.

And so as with all of us who love our school I eagerly look forward to many moments, and in years to come, of putting my feet up and reminiscing about 1982-83. Thank you, Grammarian staff, for providing one of the most awaited features of our school year.

Peter Montgomery
Headmaster



Back Row: Miss Silver, Mr. Logan, Mrs. Miner, M. Masse, Mrs. Murray, Mr. Serebrin, Mr. Lankester
Middle Row: Mrs. DeGrasse, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Aterman, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Montgomery
Front Row: Mrs. Scobbie, Mr. Spencer, Miss Mullins, Mrs. Frenette, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Smith,
Absent: Mme. Smith

| STAFF |



Joy Flamank (secretary)



Mr. Dixon
Janitor



Back Row: N. Bishop, Miss Silver, A. Stern
Middle Row: K. Murray, S. Ahmad, M.F. LeBlanc, A. Simmie, J. Abbott, B. O'Brien, B. Downing
Front Row: M. O'Brien, T. Swart, L. Cameron, C. Hatt, K. Bishop, B. Roscoe

GRAMMARIAN STAFF

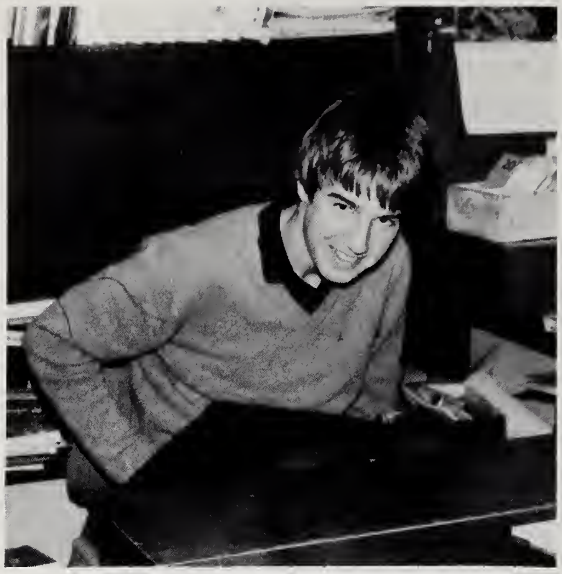
Nadine Bishop	.Editor
Brigid Roscoe and Katherine Bishop	.Asst. Editors
Louise Cameron	.Literary Editor
Krista Murray	.Asst. Literary Editor
Jane Abbott	.Business Editor
Minga O'Brien	.Asst. Business Editor
Adam Stern	.Chief Photographer
Ben Downing, Cathy Hatt	.Asst. Photographers
Sabeena Ahmad, Marie-France LeBlanc, Rebecca O'Brien, Allyson Simmie, Tanya Swart	.Aides
Miss Silver	.Staff Supervisor

Editor's Message

Well, here it is; just the thing you have all been waiting for. The yearbook staff proudly presents the twenty-third edition of *The Grammarian.* It is packed with sports, literature, photos and other interesting things to make this year memorable.

As we, its creators, gaze upon this book with parental pride, we cannot but think of all the work each of us has put into it. *The Grammarian* is by no means an individual effort. This year's book was truly a joint effort and everyone of us holds his head up high in recognition of what we have accomplished. For all of our frustration, worry, and hard work, we are rewarded with a fine end result. We hope you enjoy this year's *Grammarian* and the ones in years to come. Thanks must go to Miss Silver for her support and advice whenever it was needed. Best of luck to Brigid Roscoe and Katherine Bishop, next year's editors.

Nadine Bishop (editor)

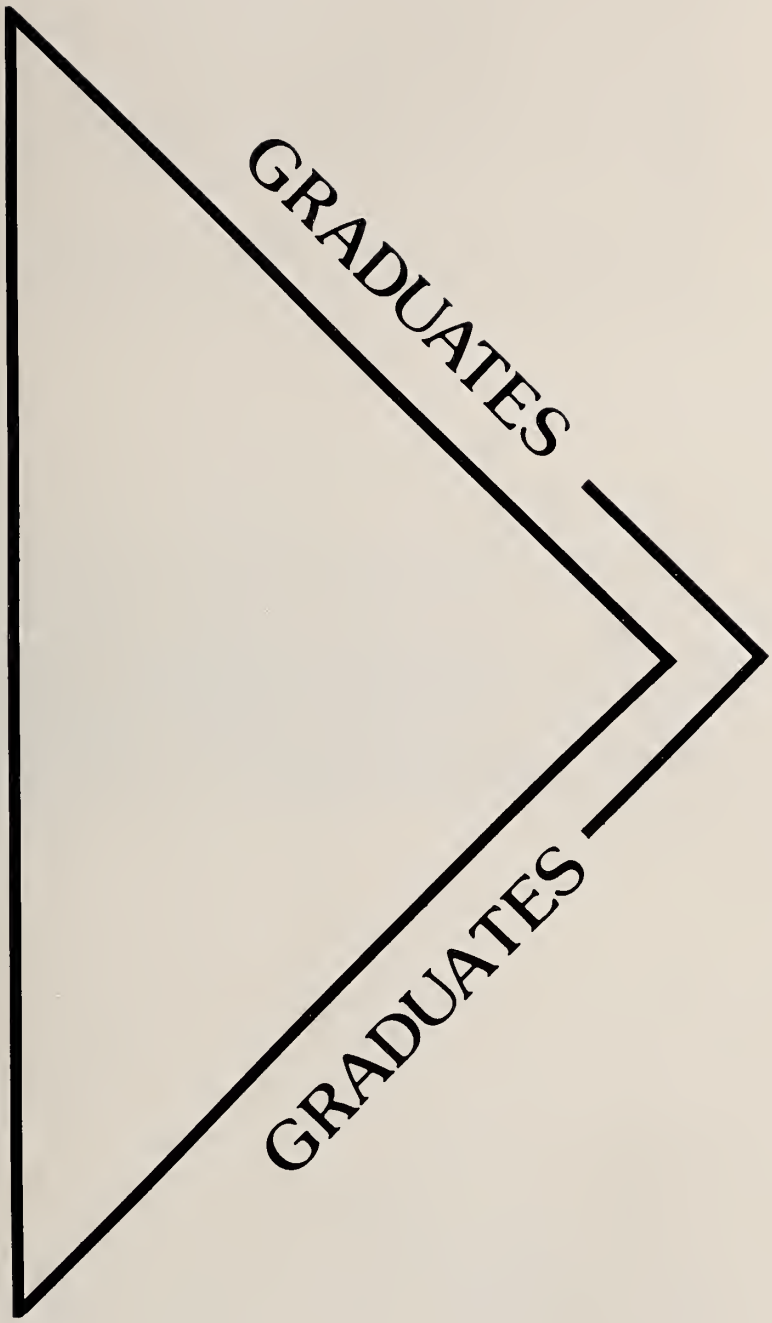











GRADUATES
GRADUATES



JUDITH (JUDE) MARY ABBOTT

"It's getting better all the time."
Getting Better/The Beatles

Judith has persevered in the Grammar School longer than any other girl in upper six, only taking a sabbatical leave for one of her would be twelve years here. She is an avid sports fan and displays her outstanding talents in our basketball and volleyball teams. A definite asset to the teams, she has been playing volleyball for four years and this year was the team's captain. She also enjoys hockey, baseball and soccer: as she plays on one of the Halifax women's metro soccer teams. Jude is a talented piano player, but besides this and all her other extra-curricular activities, she manages to complete all of her schoolwork and do quite well. She is most frequently found wandering around with a radiant smile on her face or fighting with her locker.

She remembers the year of 82-83 by Eggy, good times, Big people, parties, the Vee's games, y people "slept well", the Big "Z and MH in Levis.

She plans to go to Montreal to attend McGill, where she hopes to study sports doctors and eventually become one. We wish her luck!



MARK BAIN

"Give me a firm spot on which to stand, and I will move the earth."
Archimedes

Mark, O! He is a wonderful boy. Sometimes he is very talkative but sometimes he canbe very silent. He deals with everything in a very serious manner which should be appreciated by other students. Moreover, Mark has a very creative mind so he often creates something or things of something which is different from others' ideas. He is very kind and he likes to help people. He likes listening to music and reading.

Mark wishes to continue his studies in the United States. We wish him the best of luck.



ELIZABETH ANN BAXTER

"Sink me . . ."
The Scarlet Pimpernel

Elizabeth Ann Baxter started at the Halifax Grammar School in Prep two and except for grades four to nine, has spent all of her schooling years here. Since she has returned to us she has become an active part of the class structure, be it her killer volleyball serve or her reliable leadership. It seems however she is one of the elite in our class who appreciates good music, a trait she has inherited from a certain M.B. But this does not prevent her from participating in the school play, being last year's Business Editor of the Grammarian and various other activities. We wish you all the best at Dalhousie next year!



STACIE ANNE GERAGHTY

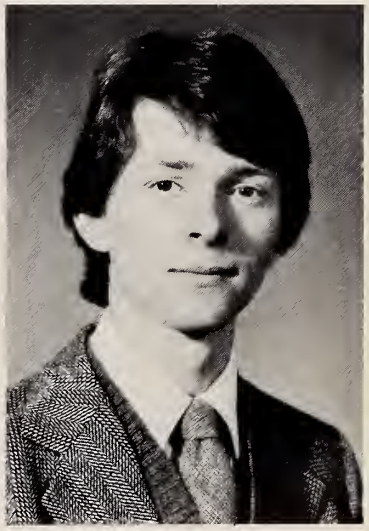
"Just because your thoughts may not be received, does not mean they are not worth giving." *Seg AK:*

Stacie is completing her seventh year at H.G.S. Her giddy laugh resounds through the classroom morning and afternoon. She gave up an occasional lunch time in grade ten to be an assistant secretary, although now she doesn't really have the time as she owns her own horse, Yophee. Yoph' takes up quite a lot of her spare time with the remainder being spent at Dartmouth High.

Although her style of clothing is quite preppy, she does take the occasional time-out to do a very good Mrs. Frenette impersonation. Stacie doesn't play any team sports but does enjoy going to watch the occasional hockey game whether it be professional or amateur.

She remembers Eggy, Garfield, D.H.S., groovy people, moving, the band and her lock.

Stacie plans to study biology at an undecided university - possibly Agricultural College or Ottawa. Wherever she goes we are sure she will be successful.



DAVID JONES

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after."
Lord Byron

David has proven to be an interesting addition to the class since his arrival at the end of last year from Chicago. An ardent believer in what he says (and God help you if you disagree with him), David readily shares his wisdom on subjects ranging from Navakov to fencing, computers to electro-pop, science-fiction to what's-his-name's date at the last dance. He maintains an up-to-date knowledge of his many interests by being a voracious reader of magazines and books, and through correspondence with friends in the U.S and his native England. He is also conversant in one language. Not to suggest that David is a pure scholar, he manages quite well to balance his academic endeavours with a surreptitious social life. Good luck, David.

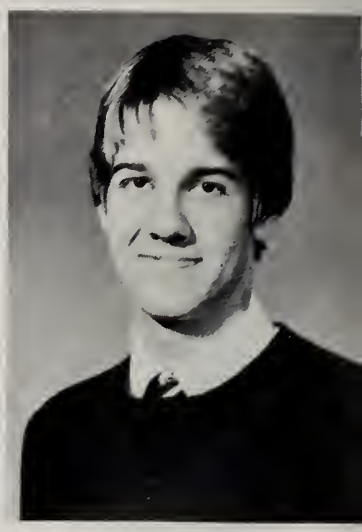


DORA ALIDA KEMP

"Silence is golden."
Thomas Carlyle

Dora arrived from the Ladies College into grade nine after skipping grade eight. It was a difficult year for her especially in mathematics but she managed to pull through and end with a successful year. She was quiet at first and the teachers would always be after her to speak up in class. However, now she has emerged out of this stage and has been more active in the activities of the class. She became involved in sports such as volleyball, squash, raquetball and ping pong. Outside the school she plays sports such as tennis and she skis. She plays the french horn and participates in concerts and a band, the St. Paul's Singers and a church choir. She is a member of the Drama Club and acted in plays such as 'The Ugly Duckling,' and 'Alice in Wonderland' as well as helping with the sets.

Dora is interested in art and museumology. She hopes to go to the University of Toronto and pursue career in archeology We wish her the best of luck.



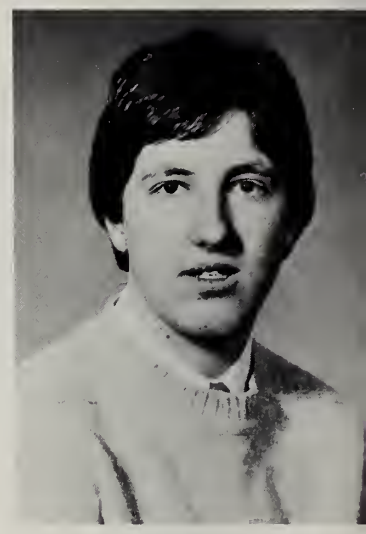
TIMOTHY WILLIAM KLASSEN

"He who never made mistakes never made a discovery."

Samuel Smith

Timothy William Klassen has attended the Grammar School since grade seven, and has certainly left his mark. He is well known for his interests in textured hair and terrible jokes. He also enjoys camping, sailing, girls, British music and has been a scout leader for three years. Tim's spontaneous laughter can often be heard echoing through the halls of the Grammar School, and he will certainly be remembered by the members of upper six for his "sense of humour". Tim's stay at the Grammar School has been marked by fairly high academic achievements, and also by his progression from Levi's to Jordache designer jeans.

This aspiring young doctor plans to attend university and become a leader in innovative medicine. We all wish Tim the best of luck for the future.

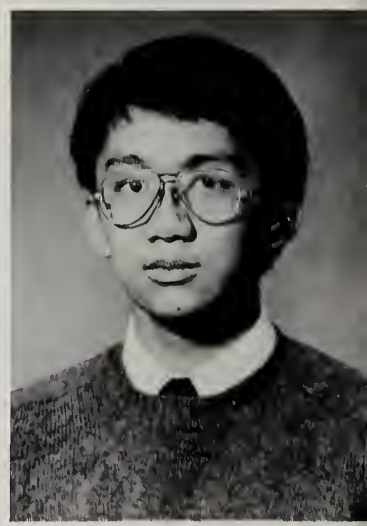


PAUL KUNDZINS

"What's the answer? . . . In that case what's the question?"

Gertrude Stein

Paul is one of the oldest members of the class in at least two senses. Firstly he came into the school in grade four. Secondly, and more importantly, he was one of the first to drive. He has demonstrated his driving skill to us many times over, as he will undoubtedly do to poor Dalhousie students. When not driving however, you can usually find Paul skiing down the side of some mountain. No matter what he does though, you can always recognize Paul's rather fast and unorthodox movements and the familiar greeting - "Don't worry about it guys."



CHRISTOPHER LEE

"When I was very young, and the urge to be some place else was on me, I was assured by mature people that maturity would cure this itch."

John Steinbeck

Chris has attended the Grammar School for eleven years, and has established an unrivaled reputation for scholastic excellence. There have been many occasions in class when it seems as if Chris and the teacher are the only ones who really understand the material being studied. Yet Chris is more to us than just a reliable source of homework to copy. His wicked wit and off-beat sense of humour never fail to produce memorable moments from mundane situations. Chris has been involved with badminton at the school for three years, and now holds the position of team captain. Chris is a model student and a good friend, and probably one of the nicest people one could ever meet. With all these positive attributes working in his favour, we find quite easy to overlook his taste in music and literature.



ADDESH MAGO

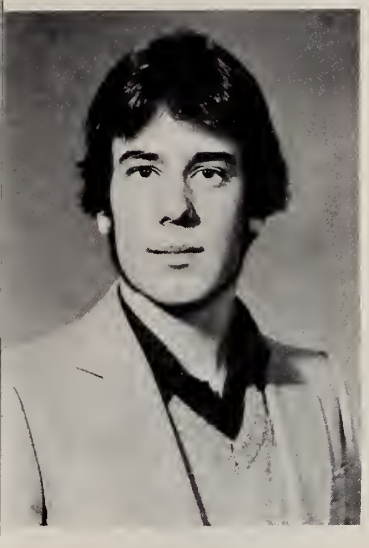
"Originality is the art of concealing your sources."
Edward Wright

Addesh has been, throughout the years, one of the most vibrant members of our class. No matter how great the work-load, he can always be counted on to provide any much needed energy.

Athletic involvement has, over the years, been an important part of Addesh's life at H.G.S. This year for instance he is Glooscap's team captain, a member of the volleyball team, a member of the basketball team, an avid badminton player and he is also coach of the city champion Junior boys' volleyball team.

However, athletics aside, Addesh has also displayed his intellectual expertise. He has done consistently well in the many math league and other competitions he has entered. As well, he could always be counted on for some key ideas for an algebra proof or a physics problem.

Addesh's infectious energy and party-loving attitude will be sorely missed by the "good ol'" H.G.S., but we do wish him the best of luck at the U. of T.



CHRISTOPHER ERIC LEONARD MILLS

"I don't even know what street Canada is on."
Al Capone

Christopher Eric Leonard Mills is a two year veteran of the Grammar School having attended grades 10 and 12 here, and 11 in Scotland. Chris's keen and somewhat strange sense of humour has been a definite asset to getting us through many a lengthy class. Chris enjoys British music, British girls, and good cigars. His hobbies include boating, camping, lighthouse, raving about Scotland, and growing sideburns. Chris is an accomplished drum player, known for the energy he puts into it. I am sure that wherever Chris's future leads him his honesty and hard work will earn him success.



LIU TAK MING

"Continental people have sex life; the English have hot-water bottles."
George Mikes

Liu Tak Ming, better known as "Ming", completed high school in Hong Kong. For two years he did odd jobs, from being a salesman in a medicine store to selling fruit in a market place! Ming wrote his Toefl exam and then came to the Grammar School to do his grade twelve. Ming, amongst other things, is a particularly good athlete and enjoys playing soccer, basketball and as he put it - "ping pong ball". Ming hopes to study engineering at Dalhousie University and then return to Hong Kong. Ming will be remembered for his irresistable grin, his sense of humour and his good nature.

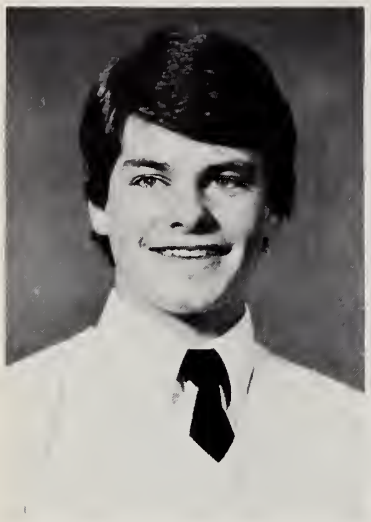


GARY NG

"All good things which exist are the fruits of originality." *John Stuart Mill*

Gary is one of the quiet members of the class who takes special interest in sports like basketball, ping pong and arm wrestling. He is very competitive in what he does therefore he is conscious of whatever he does. Gary is hard Grad. in 1984 curious mind; this made him a keen student of Mr. pful to his classmates and he never likes to argue with anyone although he may have a firm and good argument. He has a quiet humour when you get to know him, therefore there is no one who would dislike Gary as a friend.

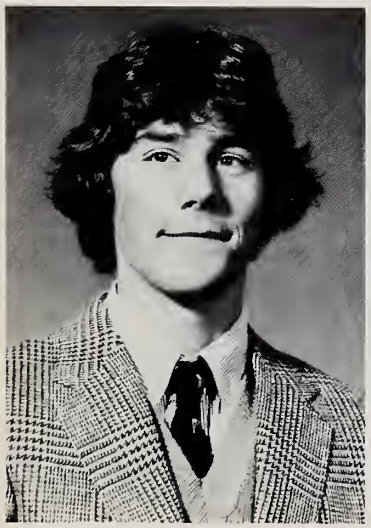
Gary wishes to join the faculty of science at Dalhousie after his graduation. We wish him all the best in his future career.



PETER NICHOLSON

"I have never gone to bed with an ugly woman, but I have woken up with a hell of a lot of them"
Anonymous

Peter entered our class in grade nine after being hidden away in Baddeck until he reached his prime. He immediately made a place for himself and began to take up more space at the same time. He has been involved in sports as a valuable member of the basketball, volleyball and soccer teams and his infectious spirit overcomes everyone during House games. This year his interest in females has found him coaching the Junior Girls Basketball team and making regular trips to singles bars. During the summer, Peter may be found working the jackhammer for a construction crew or taking week-end jaunts to Quebec or Prince Edward Island. He plans on attending Dalhousie next year where his spirit and serious study habits will carry him far.



CHRISTOPHER IAN ROBINSON

"Just to stir things up seemed a reward in itself."
Sandust (86-34 B.C.)

Chris has attended H.G.S. for six years. His impact on the entire school has been quite considerable for those six years. Both younger students and teachers alike will have great difficulty in forgetting Chris. Chris seems to lighten up a class with his wit and charm, not to mention his clothing. His expertise in sport has been widely acclaimed. He is an excellent soccer player and an avid runner. Outside the school, Chris' sporting endeavours include, again soccer and a keen interest in skiing.

After this year Chris hopes to attend university in New York State where he will enter into the field of commerce. For those of us who are remaining here in Halifax, we will undoubtedly miss Chris, as will some girls, but we wish him all the success in the world.



ROBERT IAN SEPHTON

"Velle est Posse."

Robert (thunder thighs) Sephton, has amazingly been at the Halifax Grammar School for only two years. Arriving in grade 11, he immediately fitted into the Grammar system, academically and socially. Rob seems to be in a very happy medium, being one of the top students as well as being a constant partier. Each second of every day is filled. Rob enjoys being a member of our school's volleyball and basketball teams and the rugby, running and rowing clubs. Rob is also a member of the Student Council, being vice-president, and also play a key role in this year's drama production of 'Cyrano de Bergerac'. Outside the school he enjoys playing on a soccer team and travelling.

Rob is constantly full of zeal and energy and can always be counted on to liven things up. He is so busy that not all his girlfriends get to see him very often, much to their chagrin. We wish Rob the best of luck in all of his future endeavours.

RICHARD VERRIER

"Do you come here often?"
"Only in the mating season." *Spike Milligan*



Richard, who's name has somehow become abbreviated to "Joe", is, to say the least, an interesting newcomer to the class. Although a born and bred Canadian, he spent the last five years of his schooling at an English public school (equivalent to Canadian private school), and has brought with him the British knack of not seeming to do much while actually undertaking quite a lot. Behind his amusing, dishevelled appearance (he seems to have considerable difficulty in taming the flyaway strands of his hair) and innocent looks, is a mind well-accustomed to the enjoyment of the higher pleasures of life - wine, women and song. Richard enjoys playing in a pickup band with a few friends, Chris Mills, Ewen Wallance, and Will Richards, and is most often found at parties or at Sam's, in the company of a certain lady-friend, Sonja Klassen. Also a good athlete, enjoying all sports, in particular hockey, rugby and squash, Richard became a key member of the senior soccer team, helping to spur it on to a new victory.

However, Richard is not all fun and games; he is also a serious student. Next year he plans to pursue his interests in English and History at King's College, hoping to succeed the foundation year program by studying Political Science at the University of Toronto. An ambitious person, Richard has aspirations of entering Oxford University at a later point. We wish him every success.

EWEN WALLACE



"To look up and not down,/ To look forward and not back,? To look out and not in. and/ To lend a hand." *Edmund Everett Hale*

Ewen Wallace has been at the Grammar School since Grade four and it shows! Throughout his years he has gained the reputation of being an outstanding athlete. He has played on the senior soccer, volleyball and basketball teams since Grade ten. This year he has coached the Junior Boys' Basketball team. It is not surprising then that Ewen is House captain of Royals.

Yet, by no means is Ewen's energy solely devoted to athletics. Ewen has received wide acclaim, inside and outside of school, for his many dramatic roles. Ewen is a fine student with a wit and sense of humour so unique to him that he makes most every class interesting for both teacher and student.

Incredibly enough, Ewen has the great honour of being Student Body President this year. Having just finished what is said to be the best Winter Carnival in years, it is evident that Ewen is excelling in this job as well.

In the future Ewen plans to enter Dartmouth College, N.H. He also plans to win the America's Cup at least two times and sail the S.O.R.C.

With your determination, Ewen, we rest assured that you will accomplish all that you set out to do. Best of luck.

JULIAN WONG



"It's love that makes the world go round."
Anon

Julian, whose real name is Wong Yat-Yuen, came from Hong Kong last year after completing two years work in a finance company while he was also tutoring two students. Julian hopes to take commerce at Dalhousie University and then return to Hong Kong. Julian has a wide range of interests and can easily adapt to a situation. His polite manner is certainly a noteworthy quality; I remember I once bumped into him and he remarked - "Oh Sorry! . . . Thank you very much."



TIMOTHY WRITER

"I respect faith, but doubt is what gets you an education."
Wilson Mizner

Tim Writer has been at H.G.S. since grade six, except for one years sabbatical in the ninth grade, when he went to North Carolina. He plans to study engineering science, namely aerospace, at the University of Toronto and will perhaps do some graduate work. He hopes that this will help him attain his final goal: being rich and famous.

Tim likes most sports and has been a valuable member of the soccer and volleyball teams numerous times. We wish him the best of luck in his future.



MAIN CHING YEE

"Speech is the small change of silence."
George Meredith

Main came from Malaysia. She studied for two years in Britain. This year she transferred to the Grammar School in order to continue her studies.

Her aim is to join the faculty of science at Dalhousie University next year. At school she has shown that she is very good in every subject, such as algebra and chemistry. She pays attention and tries to do her best in every subject. She is always pleasant and friendly. She is interested in table tennis.

We wish her the best of luck in her studies.



JOHN YOU

"The way to success is not a ladder, it is a greased pole."
Arnold Glasgow

John has endured the Halifax Grammar School for eight years now. During this time, he has managed to achieve a very unique reputation which, though virtually harmless, should not be mentioned in the Grammarian. He has also achieved a good academic standing in the class.

He has always contributed his share to the class, whether inside or outside of the school. His other interests include being an active member of the H.G.S. badminton team, which he has been able to run, along with two other classmates.

During the summer, John can usually be found taking sailing lessons out on the North West Arm or down at his summer cottage, sailing and wind-surfing.

We wish John all the best of luck at McGill University next year.

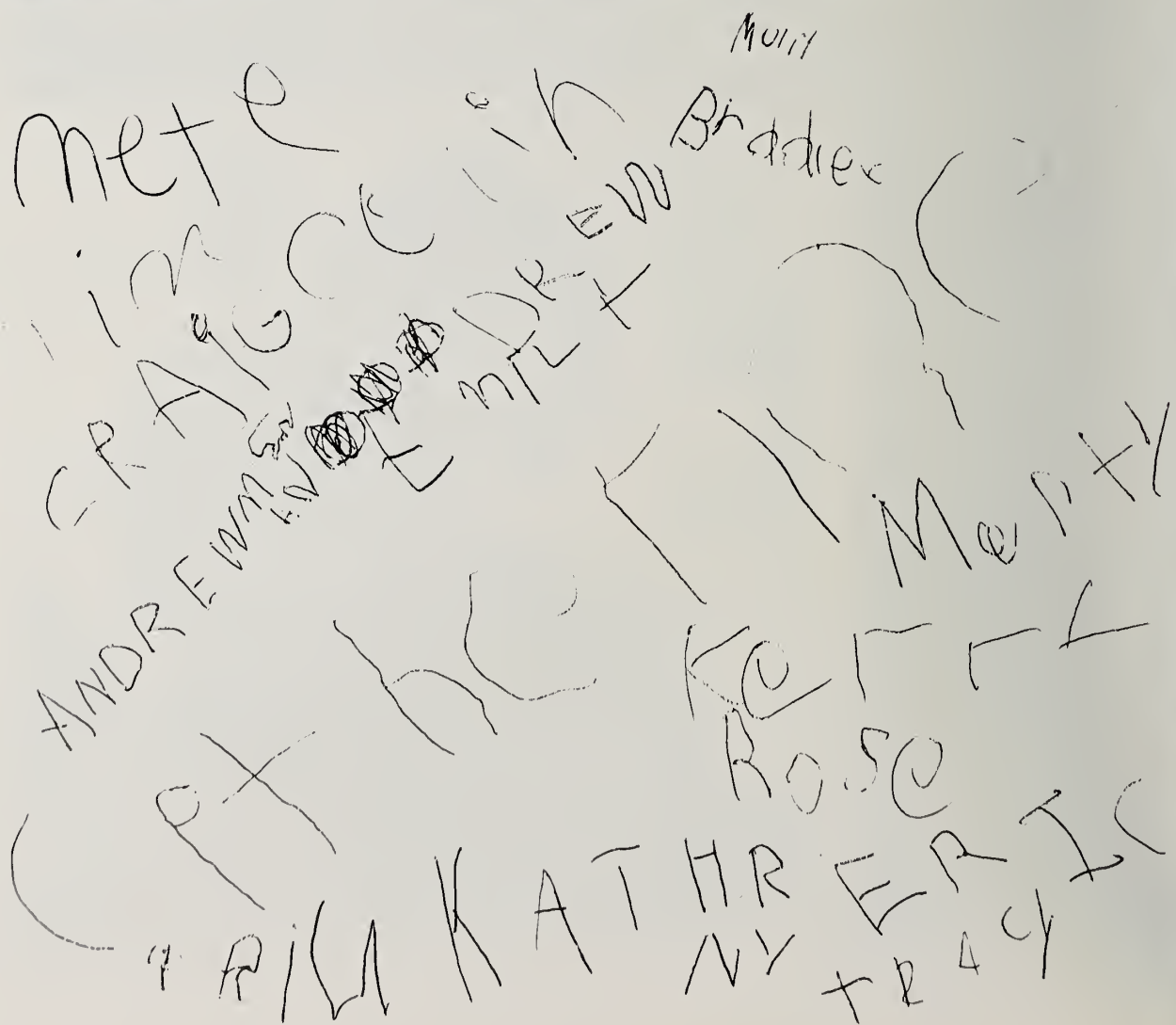
PREP SCHOOL



PRIMARY



Back Row: Mr. Serebrin, Emily Thompson, Bradley McCallum, Kerry-Rose Kindred, Tracy Keddy, Mete Erdogen, Erin Hanson, Andrew McFarlane, Ene Bednarski, Martin Laycock
Front Row: Molly Grindley, Catherine David, Colin MacDonald, Craig Silverman, Andrew Barker, Tim Southwood
Absent: Katheryn Hamilton





Back Row: Mrs. Miner, Tina Piper, Nathaniel Pearre, Jason Bigio, Tim Schwinghamer, Kristen Matthews, Tova Rosenberg, Adam O'Neill, Christine Hollett
Front Row: Jeff Parker, Emma Penick, Ata Erdogan, Susan Nisbet, Steven Schwinghamer, Paul Murphy, Jeff del Campo, Jamie Stolz, Anne Totten

PREP I

I feel happy when . . .

Tina - my birthday is here
Nat - I have a confetti-throwing party
Kristen - Clifford is around. He is very cute.
Tim - my Mom lets me wash the dishes
Tova - I get to go blueberry picking
Chris - I have a birthday party
Anne - I have my *'Annie'* record on
Matt - I have a loose tooth
Paul - I have a party
Jamie - I am in the Arizona desert and bitten by a snake
Steven - I'm playing in my sandbox
Adam - my Mom hugs me
Ata - I eat ice cream
Susan - my tooth comes out because I get money
Jeffrey P. - I found a snake
Emma - I am sick
Jeff - I got up a ramp on my bike
Jason - I am rich

PREP II



Back Row: **Samir Awad, Brent MacDonald, Paul MacDonald, David McFarlane, Kate Grindley, Gabrielle Bain**
Middle Row: Mrs. Lewis, James Liston, Gillian Byrne, Matthew Thompson, Laura Waters, Aaron Dickson, Matt Thompson, Joy Laing
Front Row: Bessy Nikolau, Sarah Risley, Robert Kippers, Douglas Penick, Harold Roscoe, Chris Wilson, Kelsie Webb, Kendall Vogan
Absent: Meghan Dorward, Allyson Franklin

What this class needs is

Matthew - two hours for lunch
Sarah - a pet
Paul - some more journals
Harold - more holidays
Matt - more work to get our brains going
Samir - more news corners
David - more Encyclopedia Brown books
Laura - more girls
Aaron - more free time
Robert - no more work
Brent - less girls
Jill - more music
Meghan - more reading time
James - more room
Bessy - more paper and markers
Joy - more room
Christopher - more air conditioning
Allyson - more silence!
Kelsie - more free time
Gabrielle - to be rebuilt and to be big
Douglas - more math sheets
Kendal - more tables and pencils
Kate - more cards

PREP III



Back Row: David Keefe, Kathleen Murphy, Ben Pearre, Troy Holness, Gray Miles, Trevor Greenwood, Tom Sheridan, Corey Matthews
Middle Row: Jennifer Silverman, Arun Goomar, Warren Auld, Jason Jacobson, Adrian Cameron, James Samson, Nicholas Graham, Mathias Michalon
Front Row: Mrs. Murray, Katrina Phipps, Ben Moore, Leif Englun, Margie May, Emma Haggart, Ann Roberts

If I were the teacher I would

Mathias - play games and work once a year
Ben - sell ice cream and pizza at lunch
Arun - let them take 30 days off school
Nicholas - quit
Adrian - make pophour and pizzatime and candytime
Ben - teach
John - send all boys home and the girls would work all day with no recess or lunch
Katrina - make them work as hard as they could
Margie - send all the boys to primary
Lara - put the girls in primary
James - make all students have no recess
Jason - make them read all the time
Trevor - wish that I had the power of Superman
Leif - be very nice
David - make the kids cook lunch at school
Corey - dominate the children and force them to eat a thousand gallons of castor oil!
Tom - let the kids have free time
Gray - strap anyone that said anything bad
Anne - go on a cross country run on bikes
Warren - only let the boys go out for recess
Kathleen - be a nice teacher to all the girls but *not* the boys
Troy - do Kung Fu on everyone
Emma - give my friends free time and I would not let the boys stop working
Jennifer - have laryngitis from telling the class to be quiet and especially the boys



Back Row: Mrs. Smith, Emily Andrews, Christina del Campo, Zareen Ahmad, Marko Hansen, Wayne Keddy, Bobby Rakhit, Sean Kirby, Nate Dorward
Front Row: Athanasios Kartsakalis, Paul Simms, Luke Merriman, Davis Webb, Andrew Sacamano, Danny Byrne, Kabir Ravindra, Paul Baskett, Ariz David, Andy Kim, Kevin Ramsey
Absent: Clea Kindred, Chris Berl

PREP IV

I wish . . .

Nate - I had a dinosaur of my own, but dinosaurs are extinct. Darn!
Emily - I was a good rollerskater, but really I keep falling over.
Paul S. - that an airplane costed twenty dollars, but it really cost much more.
Bobby - there was an arcade in the school that didn't cost any money, but really there none.
Christina - I had the power to make things come true, but really I'm just a normal person.
Sean - I had one million pets, but really only have two.
Andy - everything in the world was free, but really it isn't.
Athanasios - that I was strong but I can't even lift a desk.
Ariz - that I had a homework machine, but really I spend half an hour on it each time.
Wayne - I was a young Viking, but really I'm a modern person.
Zareen - I had my own room, but really I won't have my own room until next summer.
Paul B. - Andrew would not be so confident of himself, but really he always is.
Chris - I had a pet store, but really I don't.
Danny - I had a Yamaha MX80 and 10,000 dollars, but I really don't.
Kevin - I had a walkman, but really I don't.
Kabir - that I could fly, but really all I can do us jump.
Marko - the price of jelly beans went down to 3 cents a kilogram, but really they cost a fortune
Clea - that I had a watch like a television but I really have a normal watch.
Andrew - that I could fly, but really I cannot.
Luke - I could go on television as the Greatest American Hero, but really I have never even been to Hollywood.



Back Row: Mark McCallum, Malve Petersmann, Johannes Craham, Susie Abbot, Chris Lankaster, Arthur Davis, Kelcey Parker
Middle Row: Mr. Spencer, Daniel Thompson, Michael Madaess, Sally Nanton, Nora Bednarski, Emily Doolittle, Kelly Murphy, Brian Audain, Drummond Vaughn
Front Row: Michael Cowie, Tracy Boswell, Jean Grindley, Sarah Newman, Melanie Scharf, Toni Fried, Tami Meretsky, Chris Stairs

PREP V

If I were headmaster...

Susie - I wouldn't make the kids work
Brian - I would close the school
Norah - I would never give any homework
Traci - I would put up electronic eyes
Michael - I wouldn't have the cross country run
Arthur - I would get an Atari for my office and the best teachers in the world
Emily - I would not give homework or have the cross country run and I would have a 3 day weekend
Toni - I would forbid all the teachers to give homework
Johannes - I would shorten the school day
Jean - I would get rid of work
Riza - I would ask for a raise
Chris L. - I would not give them much work
Michael - I'd turn the H.G.S. into a boy's school
Mark - I would have flying practice for the boys
Tami - I would not do any, all play
Kelly - Everybody would play all day
Sally - I would let the girls do what they wanted to do in gym
Sarah - I would make the kids work three hours a day
George - I would give soccer practice to the boys and make girls work
Melanie - I would change the school into an all girl drama and dancing school
Chris S. - I'd arrange soccer practices on Friday afternoons
Daniel - I would give everyone a permanent holiday
Drummond - I would let the boys go to Switzerland and make the girls work
Asam - I would quit and take Mr. I. Spencer with me!



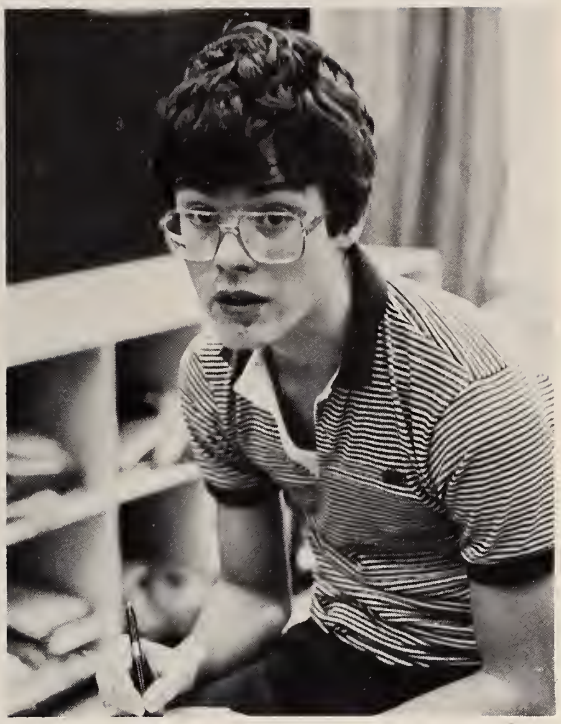
Back Row: Jonathan Cook, Sean Johnson, Andy Chamard, Mishko Hansen, Lucas Pearse, Billy Said, Michael Risley, Mr. Lankester
Middle Row: Jo-Jo Murphy, Andrea McCulloch, Jennifer Smith, Katie Laycock, Karen Thomas, Elaina Bhattacharyya, George Zouros, Clare Roscoe, Gill Mann
Front Row: Nicholas Imrie, Chris Saunders, Anil Bhardway, Jason Holt, Chris Jeans, Alison May, Jessica Pereira, Vanessa Urquhart, Alison Fairhurst

PREP VI

The best thing about Prep Six is . . .

Gill - when Mr. Lankester cracks stupid jokes in class
Clare - when Mr. Lankester weight lifts in class
Andres - when Mr. Lankester makes some subjects interesting by acting strange
Katy - when Mr. Lankester tells his weird jokes
Jo-Jo - when Mr. Lankester acts things out
Jessica - when Mr. Lankester dances around the room

Karen - when Mr. Lankester acts and talks in different voices to make things interesting
Alison - when Mr. Lankester reads poems and makes queer voices
Elaina - it's one year away from the upper school
Andy - soccer-mania!!!
Mishko - Mr. Lankester does not give us very hard work
Allison - when Mr. Lankester reads to us
Vanessa - Mr. Lankester's striped pants
Chris - it is easier than last year
Sean - when Mr. Lankester does not get mad at me
Michael - when he does not give us HOMEWORK
Billy - NOTHING
Jon - Mr. Lankester's cheap jokes
Anil - when he does not give us much homework
Tukas - Mr. Lankester's cheap jokes
George - you tell me!
Nicholas - that we are the kings of the Prep School
Chris - that we get pizza and rootbeer. Yummy!
Jason - Mr. Lankester's funny (but cheap) jokes





UPPER SCHOOL



Back Row: Kersti Tacreiter, Christy Nicholson, Evan Jones, Edmund Rees, Michael Stephens, John Dolin, Peter Mann, Colin Audain

Middle Row: Stephanie Barbara, Al Davis, Miles Sheridan, Matthew O'Halloran, Victor Bigio, Troy Dolomont, Eric Block, Matthew Oland

Front Row: Tim Andrews, Sarah Jollimore, Cathy Novac, Munju Ravindra, Daniel Rees, Julia Gaede, Robin Shore.

absent: [illegible], Bridget Byrne, Paul Burnelle

The class of Upper 1 wouldn't be the same without . . .

Tim's - spaceness
Colin's - curly top
Stephanie's - freckles
Eric's - coolness
Robin's - spaz attacks
Munju's - trips
Kersti's - perms
Bridget's - non-stop smile
Julia's - German
Sara's - gracefulness
Christy's - metal mouth
Michelle's - sandwiches
Evan's - sickness
Miles' - laugh
Troy's - stickers
Peter's - machoness
Edmund's - neatness
Michael's - flat feet
Matthew O'H's - tennis
Matthew O's - acting
Danny's - shortness
Jon's - cats
Victor's - year supply of food
Al's - Garfield
Cathy's - preppyness
Paul's - shyness
Mrs. DeGrasse's - red pen

UPPER I





UPPER II

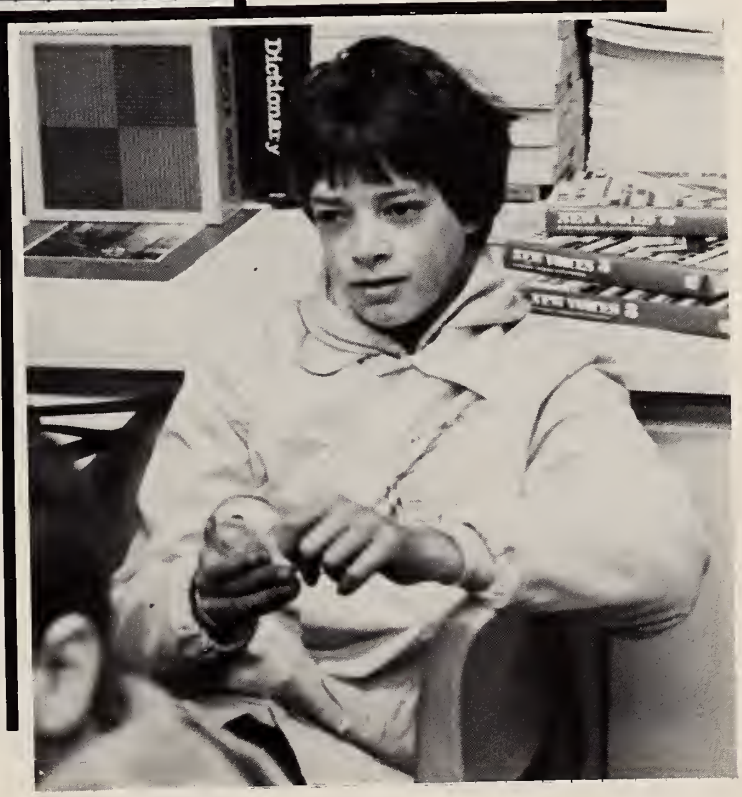


Back Row: Lorraine Belitsky, Peter Dauphinee, Brian Awad, Kenny Schwartz, David Robertson, Asad Wali, Jonathan Meretsky
Middle Row: Colin Bernard, John Cameron, Gavin Murphy, Hilary Atherton, Edward Rees, Laura Hooper, Esmund Choo, Cindy Pink
Front Row: Andre Belcourt, Pat Rooney, Roger Porter, Nancy Fraser, Linda Barker, Beth Medjuck, Susan Halebsky, Patrick Oland

We, the class of Upper Two, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to . . .

Hilary - better retorts
Brian - high explosives
Linda - a book of short jokes
Andre - five more Colins
Lorraine - Mrs. Frenette
Colin - better Norwegian bedtime stories
D'Arcy - a galactic prophylactic
John - a heavy downer
Esmund - a football scholarship to Dalhousie
Peter - a one-way ticket to the nearest harem
Nancy - true superiority
Susan - a moustache
Laura - a loudspeaker
Sherene - no-name jeans
Beth - in the middle of the woods with only $10
Jonathan - an indestrictable pencil case
Gavin - a set of weights
Patrick - the Presidency
Cindy - buck-teeth and horn-rimmed glasses
Roger - Lego® Inc.
Edward - an anti-depressant
David - a life's supply of Mac-tac
Pat - a sedative
Ken - a book of J.D. stories
Asad - a new vocabulary, eh?




Dictionary



Back Row: Robbie Green, Jeff Mann, Tom McPhee, David Gray, Steven Meinertzhagen, Roger Baskett, Peter Thomas, Samantha Imrie
Middle Row: Matthew Murphy, Krista Murray, Jay Ferguson, Chris O'Brien, John Beale, Walter Kemp, Katie Andrewes, Cary Greif, Rachel Jones
Front Row: Jenny Brayton, Liam Murphy, Neil McCulloch, George Wangersky, Sarah Burns, Stefanie Green, Minga OBrien, Ben Dolin
Absent: Paul Bhattacharyya

UPPER III

We, the class of Upper Three, would like to be remembered for . . .

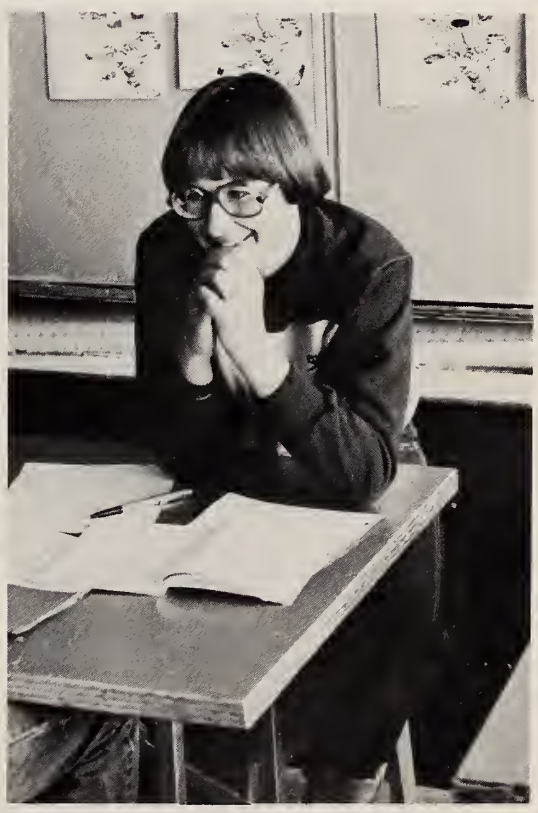
Katie's - compassion for poodles
Roger's - wishful love life with . . .
Paul's - kneecaps (eyelevel)
John's - humour and funny faces
Jenny's - French translation of a hick
Sarah's - odoriferous attire - but let's not forget her love for tom!
Ben's - constant abuse of Roger

Jay's - "Old Jay's" record store
David's - tape recorder
Rob's - adoration of Katie and Samantha
Stef's - obscene shoelaces
Cary's - quiet voice
Sam's - Lord
Rachel's - begging
Walter's - pain inflicted by Stephen
Geoff's - hate of 'Ask me if I'm a tree!' and disgust of being locked in
Niel's - two syllable laugh
Tom's - love for Sarah
Stephen's - Janis Joplin impression
Krista's - laughing cow cubes and squeeze cheese
Liam's - purple turtleneck
Matthew's - singing in the art room
Chris' - baseball hats
Minga's - constant beating of Matthew in armwrestling
Peter's - yearning to prove everything wrong
George's - perverted laugh











Back Row: Faith Wallace, Allyson Simmie, Rebbecca O'Brien, Tanja Swart, Louise Cameron, Marie-F. LeBlanc, Brigid Roscoe, Jane Abbot, Kim Aerts
Middle Row: Arlene Conter, Katherine Bishop, Laurel Weldon, Karen Mills, Emily Chuk, Anthony Novac, Scott Bernard, Ben Downing, Adam Stern
Front Row: Paul McNeil, Andrew Oland, Patrick Keefe, Rob Barbara, Richard Lankaster, Graham Hooper, James Garnet
Absent: Nadine Hoffer-Wathan



UPPER IV

We, the class of Upper Four, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave . . .

Paul - as a French major
Pat - figure-skating on Chocolate Lake
Allyson - metallic contacts
Becca - studded bicycle snowtires
Arlene - intellectually stimulated
Louise - a matrix and an isometry
Marie - a preppy handbook en francais
Andrew - to the merey of the monastery
Kim - as a ballerina
Karen - a peculiarity
James - as a pro quarterback
Anthony - saying "Eeyech spreche Deutsch"
Scott - an audition for the Tommy Hunter Show
Nadine - the job of writing these next year
Richard - an updated version of the teenage body book
Graham - in Patrick's shadow
Tanya - a G -I - Jo
Jane - to Q.E.H.
Ben - with his tobacco expertise
Adam - a perfect person
Rob - an emergency pair of trousers
Laurel - Herve Villechaize
Faith - painting family portraits in P.E.I.
Emily - Kung Fu
Kathy & Brigid - not responsible for the above







UPPER V



Back Row: Jonas Steffen, Benno Lang, Cathy Hatt, Jane Fairhurst, Gregory Omolayole, William Richards, Lon Holland, Andrew Turner
Middle Row: Stephen Laffoley, Wayne Aspinall, Ken Wood, Bruce MacGregor, William Poor, Robert Stairs, Benedict O'Halloran, Finn O'Brien
Front Row: Katherine Lankaster, Kirsten Beckett, Eric Alsenbach, Nicholas Longhurst, Sabeena Ahmad, Elmer Thirumurthi, Andrew Allen, Nadine Bishop
Absent: Patrick Roscoe

We, the class of Upper 5, wouldn't be the same without.....

Sabeena's - manual English
Andrew A's - elf-like bemusement of the joys of Nature (?????)
Wayne's - brilliant accounting skills
Kirsten's - exotic and erotic chowder social
Nadine's - je ne sais quoi
Jane's - trips to Bridgewater
Cathy's - agressive debating style
Lon's - 'got yer 3rd glasses kids?'
Stephen - the novelty yank from "down there"
Benno's - concise, informative answers in class
Katherine's - peroxide wonderland
Nicholas's - resemblance to Napolean (ie the ear- lobes)
Bruce's - scholarly English tests
Finn's - organs (who wrote this?)
Ben's - 'pretty scarey, eh kids?'
Greg's - clothes
William P's - portrayal of President Hooves in 'MacBeth'
William R's - refined Nova Scotia accent
Pat's - the man, the wonder, the geek
Rob's - doo dickita bam bam bam bang . . . smash
Jonas's - library raiding skills
Elmer's - 'Ah well, ahhhh. . .'
Andrew T's - incredible sex appeal
Ken's - Disneyland wardrobe
Eric's - Francais









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LITERATURE

Primary to Prep 3

A LITTLE GIRL

Once there was a little girl
Who was nice but small.
People teased her.
Her Mom said,
"You are perfect."
Her Dad said,
"You are loved."
And her brother said,
"I like you."
Her Grandmother said,'
"You are the best."
Her Grandfather said,
"You are great."
And her neighbour said,
"You are pretty."
Her sister said,
"You are smart."
Her friend said,
"You can read."
And her dog said,
"You are healthy."
Her cat said,
"You are good at drawing."
And her doll said,
"You are brave."

Her Teddy said,
"You are good at doing everything."
Her horse said,
"You can tell time."
And her Rag Doll said,
"You have a lot of stickers."
Her Aunt said,
"You are good at keeping care of everything."
And her Uncle said,
"You are good at gym."
Her clown said,
"You have lots of pets and you have lots of friends."
And her sandwich said,
"You know about rocks."
And herself said,
"Thank you."
BUT WE ARE NOT FINISHED! . . .
Her toy Witchey said,
"You have a lot of milk and you have a lot of cookies."
And her toy warlock said,
"You have a lot of chalk."

Kendal Vogan, P. 2
1st Prize

ALL ABOUT LOVE

Once upon a time there was a littly boy. He met a little girl. The little girl met the little boy and the little girl made up her mind that they would fall in love. They just about kissed. But they didn't kiss. The little boy said to the little girl, "Why don't we kiss?" and the little girl said, "O.K."

Paul Murphy
P. 1
2nd Prize

MY TRIP

Emma Haggart and I are going to Tasmania. We are taking my hamster and maybe even her new puppy.

We are going by flying horse.

There are many different kinds of animals in Tasmania. I hope we don't bump into any Tasmanian devils!

Corey Mathews, P. 3
3rd Prize

TURTLE BASEBALL

I went to a baseball field. The teams were the Halifax Turtle and the Charlottetown Snakes the turtle are up. WHACK! HOME RUN! THE SCORE IS 1 TO 0. WHACK! OUT. STRIKE 1. STRIKE 2. STRIKE 3. YOUR'RE OUT! WHACK OUT! THREE OUTS. The Snakes are up. BALL! STRIKE!. The turtles are winning. He piched the ball. One of the turtle got hit in the Stomach! Now the Snakes are Winning. One of the turtle got home and the turtle won.

James Sampson, P. 3

THE ROBBER

Once upon a time there was a very, very rich man.
He was walking down the street.
He was robbed.
He screamed.
The robber ran away, and the police caught him.
He went to jail for 27 years.
He said, "I want to get out of here!"

Harold Roscoe, P. 2

THE MAGIC TREE

A little girl came to the tree.
The tree said, "What is your name?"
"My name is Gabrielle."
"What is the matter?"
"I have lost my dog."
The tree said, "Here is your dog."
The dog barked.
The dog was happy. "Bye!"
The tree said, "We are friends."
The tree said, "I love you."
I said, "I love you too."
The tree said, "I wish you were a magic tree too."
A girl came.
"I have heard about you.
I have lost my cat."
"I have found him."
"Please will you get him down?"
"I love you."
The trees were happy.
"I love you."
"What should we do?"
"Let's go to sleep."
"It is night time."
"It is morning time."
"Owls are coming."
"Oh, I want to go to sleep."
"ZZZ...ZZZ."

Gabrielle Bain, P. 2

MY BROTHER NATE

My brother Nate
Lost his appetite
For Schneider's chicken.
Lick'em, lick'em.
After that he
Ate my shoe.
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!
And that's the story
Of my brother Nate.

Meghan Dorward, P. 2

JOHN HENDRY

John Hendry was a miner,
He dug the speed of light!
The only thing that he could do
was to dig from day to night!

Ben Pearre, Prep 3

A GIRL AND HER DAD

Once upon a time there was a little girl and she went camping with her Dad. In the forest they saw parrots and monkeys and a rabbit, a raccoon and a deer. Seven! Wow! That's what they had for dinner. They were staying for tghe summer! They stayed in a tent. They brought all kinds of wood.

Then the little girl went to bed because she had a long walk. She went right to sleep. When she went to sleep her Father put out the fire and went to bed.

Then it was morning time. It was a sunny day. They had breakfast. They played frisbee and then they went hiking. The little girl saw a bear. She told her Father and her Father shouted, "Bang! Bang!" "Oh no Dad!" "I'll shoot. Don't worry. Oh good, he is going." "Let's go home Daddy." "No, not yet. Look at the deer." "Now can we go home?" "Okay."

"Let me get on your back." "No. You're too heavy." "Let's run." "Okay". Now we're here and it is time to go back to our house and see Mommy. Let's bring the tent and our other things. I'll race you. On your mark, get set, go!" So off they ran and soon they were home and their Mommy hugged them both and went to bed because it was night. Good night!

Allyson Franklin, P. 2

DEMONS

Demons live in the dungeons they are like the Devil! Most of them are the Devil's servants. They are the Second most evile cratures.

Their pets are dragons that live in the demwebpits! Their slaves are Demons that die when their good.

Lars Mitchel, P. 3

School is to learn things,
Hospitals are to get well.
Your Mama and Papa are to love you.
Bathrooms are to use and to wash your hands,
Forks are to eat with.
Tina is a little girl to play with.

Emma Penick, P. 1

E.T.

Once upon a time, there was a spaceship and it landed in the forest. There were Martians in the spaceship. One Martian was called E.T. He had a friend. His name was Elliot. Elliot gave E.T. Reese's Pieces. E.T. loved Reese's Pieces. The Martians were so scared that they left E.T. on Earth. E.T. was sad. At least he had Elliot.

Elliot loved E.T. and E.T. loved Elliot. Elliot invited E.T. to his house. E.T. liked Elliot's house. E.T. went to look for Reese's Pieces. He only found one pack.

It was Halloween night. E.T. was a ghost. E.T. saw Yoda. E.T. thought that Yoda was one of the Martians. He went to him. He said, "Are you my father?" Yoda said, "I'm not your Father." E.T. said, "Then who are you?" "I am Tom."

E.T. went home. E.T. ate candy. He liked the chocolate bars the best. Elliot gave E.T. his peanuts. Elliot hated peanuts. E.T. loved peanuts. Elliot also hated raisins. E.T. liked everything Elliot did not like.

Elliot saw a light in the sky. He said, "E.T., come here." E.T. went to Elliot. Elliot said to E.T., "Do you know who this is?" E.T. said, "Yes." Elliot asked E.T., "Who is that?" "It's the Martians."

Elliot and E.T. went to the woods. The spaceship was on the ground. The Martians came out. E.T. came to the Martians. E.T. waved good-bye to Elliot. As the spaceship took off, Elliot and E.T. waved good-bye.

Matthew Thompson, P. 2

JACK

A long time ago, there was a town.
It had lots of burglars.
One day there was an alarm.
The police caught him.
The police caught Jack Inside.

Arron Dickson, P. 2

Leaves in fall are yellow and brown, but also in fall I see leaves falling. Leaves are flittering.

Tim Schwinghamer P. 1

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

It is getting to be night time. The people are going to bed. The little girl was the first one to go to sleep. She dreamed about her party the next day.

The next day she got up with her Mom. In a minute after breakfast they got the party ready. In a few minutes the children started coming over. She blew out the candles. Then she opened her presents.

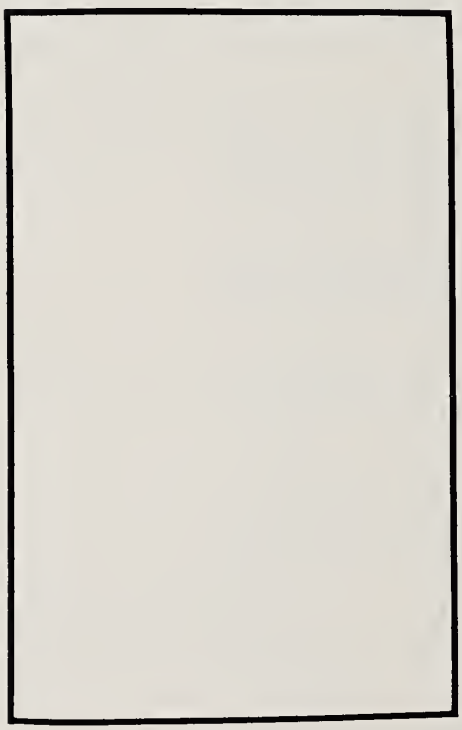
Kelsie Webb, P. 2

THE GIRL

Once upon a time a girl went to the playground. She went to the swing. She said, "It was fun." She stayed until night time.

Then she got scared, so she went home. Her Mother was sleeping so she went to bed.

Bessy Nikolaou, P. 2



THE STORY ABOUT MARTHA

Martha was on the mat.
Martha bit my nose.
Martha ran out.
Martha was out two days.
Martha came back on the week-end.

Paul MacDonald, P. 2

SUPER HERO

There was a Super Hero called Gigantic Woman. One day some children got lost in a forest. They met a witch. When they were close enough to the house, she said, "Come in. Come in." They went in. She grabbed them when they were inside and put them in a cage.

Bionic Woman is Bionic of course. She heard them crying so we went off to find them. She found them and the witch had a fire to cook them. But Bionic Woman threw the witch in the fire.

Meghan Dorward, P. 2

I WISH

I wish I had a real alive pet pacman!
I wish I could fly!
I wish I could turn invisible,
I wish I had all the money in the world!
I wish I had a pet horse,
I wish I could be with Mom & Dad all the time,
I wish I did not leave to go to bed at night!
I wish I did not have to get up in the morning.
I wish I could keep Fuzz Ball Super Piggy.

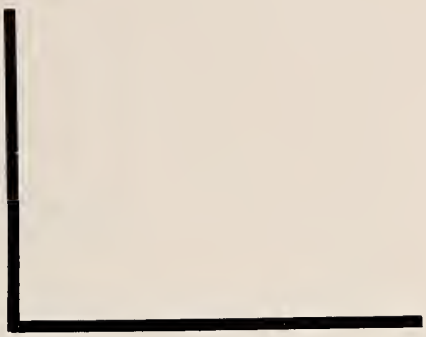
Kristen Matthews, P. 1

THE HERO

Once upon a time, there was a prince. He lived in the forest, in a castle. He had a horse. His name was Jake. Jake was a very nice horse.

One day there was a stream. The prince was in the stream and he slipped. He had to light the forest on fire, so the village people would come rescue him. But Jake came and rescued him instead. He was the hero!

Arron Dickson, P. 2



THE KITTEN NAMED SNOWBALL

Once upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Katy. She had a little Kitten named Snowball.

One day she and her Dad went camping. Her kitten wanted to go but she wasn't allowed. Just as they left, Snowball popped into the trunk.

It was a long drive but Snowball fell asleep. When they got there, Katy opened the trunk to get her swimsuit because she wanted to go swimming. When she did, Snowball popped out. Was Katy ever surprised! She almost screamed! Her Dad ran to Katy and he was also surprised.

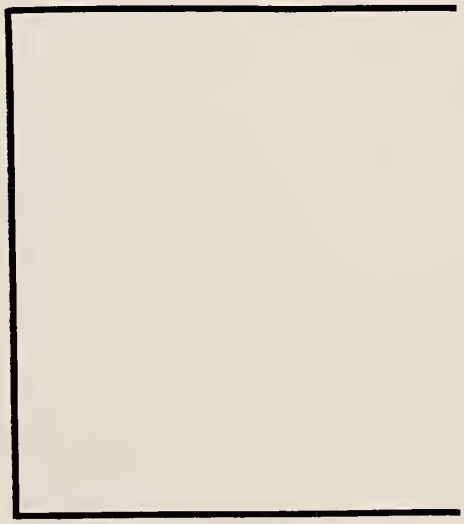
When Katy went swimming Snowball jumped into the water. Then they went to bed. The next day was Sunday. It was time to go home. Katy told her Mother all about her week-end.

Laura Waters, P. 2

THE SEASENS

Summer winter spring and fall are seasens for all. In fall all the leaves turn different colors like orange, yellow, and red. Then winter comes, it starts to snow and all the birds fly south to get fed. In spring the sun comes out and the snow begins to melt. Then summer is here with lots of fun and warm breezes to be felt.

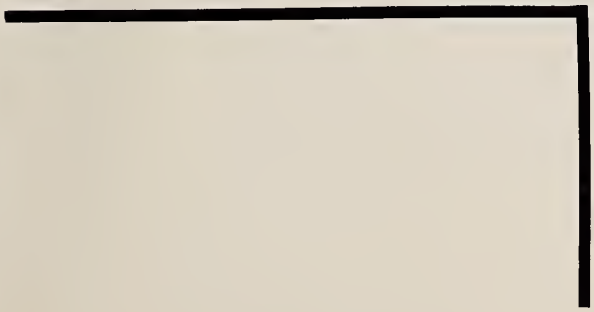
Jennifer Silverman, P. 3



BAD WORDS

I hate bad words. They make people feel badly. If someone says something like that to me, I don't listen to them.

Leif Englund, P. 3



GOOD NIGHT

Good night! Good night!
Mice play at night.
They play all night
While they play
Cats and birds come by
and try to get the mice.
But the mice run away.

Arun Goomar, P. 3

A DISCOVERY

in the Haunted Graveyard

I

Once there was a haunted grave yard outside a haunted house. One night, two kids came home late from school and they had to walk by the grave yard to get to their house.

II

Their names were: Judy and Jill and Jill said: why don't we take a short cut through the grave yard? O.K. said Judy and they started off. (They didn't know it was where their Great grandfather was buried.)

III

They went by a few stones then all at once they stopped! They backed up and looked at the last stone in the grave yard. Jill said: why, it's our great grandfather's stone! Yes it is! Judy said.

IV

There was silence for a moment, then, they ran home and told their mother the whole story. She didn't belive a word Jill said. Then, Jill and Judy forced their mother to come to the grave yard and let her see for herself.

V

And it was true their great grandfather's stone was right in front of them. After that, Judy and Jill always took the short cut after school. They got used to going that way, so they forgot the long way.

Katrina Phipps, P.3

ANIMALS

I have a cat. Her name is Emeline. She is a long haired cat.

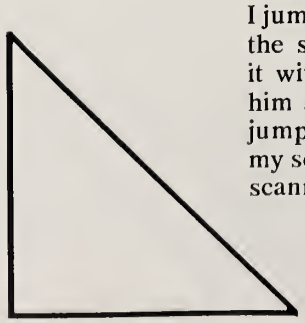
My favorite animal is a horse. I used to have a dog. His name was William, but we had to give him away.

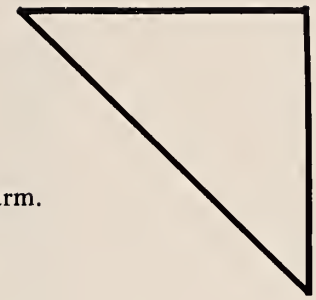
Anne Beale, P. 3

THE RUNAWAY ROBOT

I am "Rex", Jim's Robot. I had a call my radio. It said that a Spaceship from Earth carrying food had come. I jumped into my shooter and skimed into Base. I saw that the spaceship had crashed into the Base. *FIRE!!!* I shot it with my water-gun. It went out. I called Jim an' told him all about it. He said that I had done a good job. We jumped into my shooter an' skimed home. The next day my scanners told me to run away! I had to do it because my scanner were orders. Sadly I opened the door an' ran away.

Gray Miles, Prep 3





HIPPY THE HIPPO

That was Scared of Hens

There once was a hippo. Her name was Hippy.
Hippy was scared of hens. One day Hippy went to a farm.
On the farm she saw a pig and a cow and a horse
and a rabbit and a cat and a dog. But then
she saw a hen! When Hippy saw the hen she ran
through a barn and knocked down two
pig's and a cow and a dog. When Hippy got
home she ate two eggs and ten cakes
and three trees and one truck! Then
she went back to the farm. And there
were two hen's. But Hippy didn't see
them. Then one hen touched Hippy with
it's beak and Hippy exploded!

Nicholas Gramah, P. 3

ANIMALS

I like animals. My favorite animal is a guinea pig, and I have two of them. Their names are Peter and Frisky. When we put new food in, Peter always spills it. When we open the fridge door, they bit on the bars of the cage. When they think that they are going to get their food they squeek. I had a guinea pig in the sumer and his name was Bubbles and he died.

Jason Jacobson, P. 3

LAURA'S ADVENTURES

Once upon a time there was a little girl and her mother. The little girl's name was Laura. She liked to play a lot. She lived near a wood. She had to be careful when she played outside because the wolves lived in the woods.

One time she wanted to explore the wood. When she was way into the woods she saw a wolf and she ran away. But she was too late. There was a wolf on each side. She was afraid. When they weren't looking she climbed up the tree.

When she went home she told her mother all of her adventures in the woods. Her mother told her that she was glad that she escaped. But she was a little mad because she had told her not to go into the woods. Then Laura went to bed.

She woke up late at night around midnight because she was afraid. She was dreaming about what would happen if she did not escape. She thought that she would get eaten. She started to cry. Her mother came in to calm her down. Soon she was sound asleep. In the morning she forgot all about it. Her mother did not because she was angry still.

Joy Laing, P. 2

SHARKS & OTHER DANGEROUS SEA CREATURES

The Great White, I suppose,
Is the champion of jaws which open and close.
Although the movie of *Jaws,*
Has a number of flaws,
Still a bit of people
Disappear in his Maws.
The Anemone eats fish and Starfish,
Starfish are his favourite dish.
To some fish he is an enemy
(It is spelled A-N-E-M-O-N-E).
Stingrays divers do not like to meet
'Cause divers get stung on their feet.
But bather beware
Of the most dangerous creature
Man.

Nate Dorward, P. 4
1st Prize

From deep inside the automobile
There came a dreadful curse.
For Dad was trying to fold the map
The was it was at first.

Drummond Vogan, P. 5
2nd Prize

Prep 4 to 6

REMEMBRANCE DAY '82

Softly the wind will blow
While the men lie row on row
Memories of a frightening past
Will come to life at last
A silence of respectful power
Will stand for the eleventh day,
month and hour.

Elaina Bhattacharyya, P. 6
3rd Prize

REMEMBRANCE DAY

Remembrance Day is to honor the dead
The ones who fought and the ones who bled.
The brave men who died in the trenches of war
The ghosts of the past that are no more.
The doctors and nurses are tending to men
They've tended before and they'll tend them again.
The number is endless for the wounded and dying
On the battle frontier with everything flying.
The sky is scarred all crimson red
From the bombs exploding overhead.
For the men it's fighting for their sacred land.
With faith in God lending a hand.
And once it's over, the victors cheer
And the losers are imprisoned for many a year.

Jonathan Cook, P. 6
Honourable Mention

TO THE COTTAGE

When you are on the road,
You see the signs go by.
The signs say, "Go to Lunenburg."
Says the cottage, "Don't pass me by."

They dropped into the cottage,
To see what it was like.
They said, "The view was beautiful.
Why, we should have this site."

They went down to the wharf,
To see the boats go by.
The spinnakers went up
As the race was passing by.

The summer has gone by,
We have to go back to our home.
The cottage is closed up now,
But we will be back next year.

Arthur Davis, P. 5





SHERRY AT THE DAIRY

There was once a girl named Sherry,
Who loved her work at the dairy.
She was milking a cow,
When along came a sow,
Who said the cow was too hairy.

Susie Abbott, P. 5

TONI'S CAT TOP CLUB

One day when I was the basement on my little dance floor practising tap dancing I looked out of the window and saw one of the alley-cate trying to imitate me.

At that moment it occured to me that maybe I could open a dance school for cats and dogs. I thought that this would be an interesting thing to do. I went outside and told Eunice, the cat, to ask the other cats to come to the basement at 7:30 for tap lessons. Eight cats and one dog came. I suggested to them that every Saturday at 7:30 we would have tap classes.

The following Monday I went to the Shoe Hospital and asked my friend George to make me nine pairs of tap shoes for my pet students. Next Saturday we started tap dancing.

By Christmas time we put together a very good dance show. During the holidays we invited the neighbours to gather in front of our house and started a tap dance performance on the sidewalk. All the passers-by were very curious to know what was going on, and when they saw that cats and dogs were tap dancing they were truly amazed.

Soon after that we became real celebrities, and put up shows all around the world. Haven't you read about it in the papers?

Toni Fried, P. 5



HAIKU

A gray and white cat,
Stalking a bird quietly,
The bird flies away.

WHITE

White is the colour of the clouds drifting by,
Side by side in the blue, blue sky.
It's the colour of the dove that flies so high,
As pure as your thoughts.
It's a field of white lilies lie waving under the sky.
The colour of the pages in my book,
And the colour of a pearl in the deep green sea.

Zareen Ahmad, P. 4

THE COLOUR BLUE

Blue is the colour
of the dark deep sea
and also the colour
of the sky we see

Blue is a blue bird
that flies up high
and also the colour
of Jesus eyes.

Blue is the colour
of the great Greek
flag that stands up
high on a blue and white stand.

George Nikolaou, P. 5

REMEMBRANCE DAY

Remembrance Day is a special day.
We think of people who died far away,
Brave people, their lives they laid.
In Flanders Field they still lay.

Canadians who died long ago,
For me, you and others, too,
On November 11 we all go out to show our love,
For those who died for us.

We pin on red poppies made new.
In Flanders Field they grew.
We do this to show our love,
For others who died for us.

Karen Thomas, P. 6

THE RECIPIE TO MAGIC DEVILS STEW

2 giant lizard tails,
6 brains from poison snails.
7 giant cyclops eyes
1 pair of goblin thighs.
8 rat and rabbit skins
9 barrels of dead shark fins.
Put all this in a cauldron
And mix through and through
This is what you have to do,
To make the magic Devils Stew.

Asim Wali, P. 5

HALLOWE'EN

The witch with purple skin and long nose
Smiles a toothless smile forcasting evil
She is wearing a tall black pointed hat.
Pulled low over her eyes.
With a battered black cape with a high collar
Trailing behind her in the wind.
Silhouetted against the full moon
She and her then ugly black cat
Ride upon the twig broom.
They pass over the graveyard
And raise the restless spirits
To party all night
And be off - quick! - before dawn.

Jennifer Smith, P. 6

DAD

Dad and I (his name is Tom) have good times at our cottage.

My favorite time is when we catch snakes near the cottage. Once we caught a green snake, and thrice we caught a garter. Dad holds them.

Sometimes we climb the rocks on the beach. We gather driftwood also.

We pick berries when they are in season. There usually are blue-berries, black-berries, rasp-berries and straw-berries.

And when we get home, we're so stuffed with berries that we can't eat the pie made from them!

Nate Dorward, P. 4

CAT TAP CLUB

A DIFFERENCE

The waves on the sea are big and strong.
The ripples on the stream are small but long.
Some ships on the sea get tossed around.
But my toy sailboat sails quietly round.
On this gentle stream that I have found.

Nora Bednarski, P. 5

MY MAGIC CAKE

One day I thought that I would make a cake for my grandmother. I was going to make a chocolate cake with chocolate icing and vanilla icing on top of the chocolate icing. So I got all the ingredients out; cake mix, chocolate and vanilla icing, butter, vanilla and a very, very special spice that you can only get in one part of the world.

"Well back to baking the cake." I mixed all of it in a big pan, and put it in the oven. I put a little bit in a bowl so I could have some. It took 1 hour to bake. I tried mine . . it was delicious.

Then something happen to me. I got a tingle and then I heard a voice it was a very high voice which said; "You are now magic; you are one of us" I said, "Who are you?" "We are the Kartisoplick you can do what ever you want." I tried my magic out. I wanted to fly so I flew right over Point Pleasant Park and I saw my father jogging but he didn't see me because I was invisible. So I wrote the recipe down and gave the cake to my grandmother and the same thing happened to her and from that day on we had a special relationship.

Sarah Newman, P. 5

FRED THE ANT'S PERILOUS JOURNEY

Across the Bathroom Floor

Fred was black ant. He was about to cross the bathroom floor. He took an hour to equip himself with a grappling hook and some rope. He also had a sword and dagger.

At last it was time to leave. It took him five hours to get to the towering heights of the sink! He stopped there. While he rested he heard a strange noise coming nearer and nearer. Then he saw what was coming. It was the family cat! Fred stood as still as he could but the cat's gaze met his and the cat went for him! Fred fell off the sink but luckily he landed on a scrap of tissue paper. He ran as fast as he could. Eventually the cat lost interest and stopped chasing him.

Fred found himself nearly there! But ahead of him was the toilet! He rested a while, got up and finally made it to the other side.

He received a medal from the other ants.

Mishko Hansen, P. 4

REMEMBRANCE DAY

It was a damp soggy day
With bodies lying everywhere
There were only ten who could survive,
and were struggling to live.
The first red flowers started to bloom.
and a branch from the olive tree
fell to the ground. The world was
ending.

Billy Said, P. 6

PUMPKINS AT HALLOWEEN

I'm a little pumpkin and every year I sit
On my owners window sill waiting to be lit.
As I look out the window I see all sorts of things,
Sometimes I see green-eyed monsters, sometimes I see king.
I'm waiting for the little boy who lives way down the street,
Here he comes, the dragon! with flippers on his feet!
When my candle starts to flicker and finally burns out,
Hallowe'en is over, it makes me want to pout!

Sally Nanton, P. 5

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

It is fun
to dress up as witches or ghosts.
It is fun
to be so scary
that you shiver and shake
in your skeleton suit.
With the trees all bare
they look like ghosts in
the air.
Behind a dark cloud
the moon gives out a
frightful stare.
In each window
a Jack-o-Lantern
with a cut-out grin says:
"HELLO THERE!"

Michael Majess, P. 5

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

Every winter the Abominable Snowman
Comes crashing through the snow,
Although not many people know.
He comes from snowy hills,
But in the future his face might
Be on dollar bills.
Some people call him a yeti,
To not believe in him is very petty.
Nobody has ever seen his face
Because he manages to leave no trace.

Luke Merrimem, P. 4

REMEMBRANCE DAY

They sat for days,
Fighting hard in trenches.
Wet and lonely,
With fire above,
Water below,
And weapons made to kill.
And today's the day
We remember.
For people everywhere.
The dead,
The wounded,
People who fought for peace.
And on this day
We wear a flower,
It's red and black,
And sometimes green.
The red stands for blood,
Black for death,
And green for another life.

Andrea McCulloch, P. 6

HOW THE MOON CAME TO BE IN THE SKY

Once upon a time there was a big black dome. It was useless because it had no door.

But one day a painter said, "This dome needs to be painted!" So he painted it white. But he did not know that there was a chemical in the paint that when it touched black it shot flames out of the bottom! So it sped into the sky!

Kabir Ravindra, P. 4

THE MAGIC OF THE MOON

The moon's magic is for you and me.
The moon makes night awaken.
Who knows how the moon does it?
I think the moon is nice.

Chris Bell, P. 4

THE BIG WIDE WORLD

Once a chameleon family went for a walk, and while they were walking an owl swished down. The family did not see the owl; only the child did and he hid. But the owl picked up the child's parents and disappeared into the night sky. The child wondered if he would ever see his parents again and he started to cry.

He was on his own now. He wandered into the night. It started to rain, but he found a big leaf for shade. It was morning by the time the rain stopped.

The child carried on with his journey and learning to be on his own. It was hard.

Chris Bell, P. 4

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,
Twirling to the ground.
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves
Fall without a sound.
Red and gold and orange and brown
Leaves of these colours come drifting down.
These bright colours look so gay,
Whenever I come out to play.
It makes a lovely crunching sound,
When I step on leaves lying around.
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,
Twirling to the ground,
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves,
Fall without a sound.

Jean Grindley, P. 5

SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS

I'm a dwarf, living with six other dwarfs in a cottage in a big forest. Everything was normal, until this weirdo who called her self Snow White came along.

When she got in she told me to clean up so I done it. I was flabbergasted at the colour of her fingernails, because they were bright purple. When I asked her where she got them, she said, "At a make-up centre." Course, I didn't know what that was, so I took it to a . . . well, I don't know.

Well then, one day another weirdo came in and she looked like a worm with a deformed nose, so I said, "You gotta problem with that nose o' yours!" She said, "I want to sell some apples." I said, "Forget it lady, we don't want no apples. Scram!" But she kept on that Snow White wanted one. "O.K. I guess so," I said.

So Snow White ate one and died and I was so glad I almost cried.

Marko Hansen, P. 4

ONE MORE CHANCE

Martha and Edward Colbert and their elder daughter, Sarah, waited wearily at the dusty train depot for the overdue train that would take them to their destination.

Edward thought back to when The Big Depression had brought misfortune to him and his wife. He remembered how The Depression had caused him to sell his farm land because he couldn't pay for all the tools and seed.

He looked over at his wife whose face was pale and drawn, much like his own. He recalled the time when they had had their second baby and how she'd had to take up odd jobs after which she'd come home drained of all energy and filled with despondency. Her once smooth hands had become calloused and reddened from scrubbing floors. He had felt remorse because his wife was struggling unyieldingly to keep their family clothed and fed when jobs were unavailable to him in the anguished countryside. hat was when he had decided to leave the farm and accept his brother's offer of a meager job in the city's meat butchering factory. It was not to pay much but hopefully they would be able to survive until the situation improved.

Martha Colbert was filled with anxiety as she watched her husband sitting hunched on the bench in the station. She hugged her baby closer as she looked down on hr. They had named her "Hope" - a symbol of optimism.

Sarah was staring hard at the mountains trying to see some sign of the train. She was so excited when she saw a puff of black smoke rising in the air - then the engineer's whistle tooting importantly. With glee she turned towards her mother and father. Strangely enough they both had tears in their eyes and Sarah wondered why.

Jonathan Cook, P. 6

Upper 1 to 3

THE FRUIT SALAD BALLAD

Tearing down the highway, I was late for school.
Screaching round the corners like some kind of fool.
I read the speedometer, said 95,
With my brother at the wheel was I still alive?
Corner after corner came under our wheels
Then came one with a banana peel!
The car twisted and screamed in desperation
And the fruit stand met it's desolation.

bananas, cherries, peaches, grapes,
pineapples, cantalopes, pears, dates,
apples, oranges, kiwi fruit too,
strawberries, raspberries, blueberries blue.

The fruit stand exploded with colour all kinds
The owner yelled "STOP" but we made up our minds
We can't be late for school I cried!
My brother reluctantly floored it and sighed,
For soon we heard sirens and closer them came.
Looking at us for the ones to blame.
We pulled up in front of the school with a screach,
I leaped out the door and slipped on a peach
This speeded me faster than ever before
At quarter to nine I flew through the door
On time once again!
Outside on the street my brother was taken
And charged with fruit salad impersonation!

John Beale, U. 3
1st Prize

MOTHER'S TRAUMA

Did Mother as she closed the door,
Drop the car keys on the floor.
"I don't need these anymore"
She she tossed them in and locked it, for
She knew that she might well be late
For that important shopping date.

Returning to the car she found,
To her horror and confound,
That the keys were not around,
But instead were on the ground.
Exept she couldn't reach them for,
She carefully had locked each door.

A gentlemen in Sunday bes'
Saw this maiden in distress.
"She needs my help," he made a guess,
"to get out of such a mess."
Removing his new shirt and tie,
For an hour he did try.

Zen Ze Frenchman passing by
Gave ze lock and key hiss try.
And dough the maid did wail and cry
Ze Frenchman did not bat an eye.
For he claimed his knew hiss stuff,
For heem no locked car wass too tough.

The local locksmith was then called,
And into his arms Mother falled,
Because the price had not been smalled,
For the lovely dame who crawled
To his feet and begged for less
Than what he always charged the res'.

Geoff Mann, U. 3
3rd Prize

FLIGHT

Fly
in the air
like a bird?
or a plane?
limited to those
who have wings?
Wrong!
Anything can fly;
landing is the
problem

Brian Awad, U. 2
2nd Prize

THE GOLD

Now listen, young man, to a tale of old,
When men were bold,
When seas were cold.

When men would sail for dull yellow gold,
To be taken and sold
In the markets of old.

There was an old scow, name of Bobby MacFee
Upon the green sea,
Her crew full of glee.

For that ship was loaded with bright yellow gold,
To be taken and sold
In the markets of old.

The other ship was called the Lye,
Her crew was sly,
Her Jolly Roger high.

For this was a ship that would steal the gold,
To be taken and sold
In the markets of old.

The Captain of the Bob saw the Lye with fright.
He said "Steer to the right,
"We're in for a fight.

"For those are the men who want our gold,
"To be taken and sold
"In the markets of old."

The Captain of the Lye, with a smile on his face
Said "Start up the chase,
"We'll have a good race.

"For that there ship is stuffed with gold,
"To be taken and sold
"In the markets of old."

Both ships were fast, the race was terse,
The battle was fierce,
Both hulls were pierced.

There was a lot of trouble for some ruddy yellow gold,
That never got sold
In the markets of old.

So young man, my words now heed:
Don't do your deeds
Because of ever-present greed.

George Wangersky, U. 3
Honourable Mention

LIMERICK

There once was a man from Astoria (THE Waldorf that is)
Whose daughter he named littleGloria(Vanderbiltofcourse)
She was a sweet little child with a temper quite wild
And her name will go down in historia.

Cary Grief, U. 3
Honourable Mention

AND THEY CALLED IT

"The War to End All Wars"

Bloody corpses,
Lie in the outstretched pits
While whirling pieces of lead fly above their heads
And through barriers of wire.
The constant screen of men and horses
Only pierce the explosions of rifle fire
Which attempt to keep back the yells and booms of
The great armoured killers,
From entering the place which no man dares enter
But even the great armoured killers die from the fire of
The ever so powerful heavy artillary guns
The only chance for the beleaguered troops is
To send forward their killer, flying machines
But as suddenly as it has come,
It is over
Only the howl of the wind blows through
The little red flowers;
Which mean so much.

John Cameron, U. 2

CIRCULAR OBJECTS

"What is poetry?
Does it rhyme?
Does it have stanzas?
Must it be in words?
Must it be music?
Must a poet be gay or senile?
Must a good poem use understandable words?"
"Don't ask me.
Ask him.
He's a poet.
He's gay and senile.
He also smells
He's not even a heathen."
"Have you not answered my question?
Have you not tried to get rid of me?
Have you not lied to me?
Tell me the truth!"
"What is the truth?"

Stephen Meinertzhagen, U. 3

POEM

Who am I?
I live in the cold.
Who am I?
I eat the fish
Who live in the sea
In which I swim.
Who am I?
I have flippers and a beak
What an odd combination
Who am I?
Here I set in my tuxedo.
I am a penguin.

Stefanie Green, U. 3

GOLDFISH

Swims back and forth
Twirls 'round and 'round
And never does it make a sound
I wonder
if its thoughts
might
be
profound?

Krista Murray, U. 3

THE STORMY NIGHT

Whenever the moon and stars are bright,
One can tell that it'll be a rainy night.
All night long when it's dark and wet,
The howling of the wind is set.

It's the perfect time to snuggle up
With all the sheets and blankets.
As time goes by, you're still awake
And the storm is almost over.

Within an hour the rain has stopped
And it's finally time to sleep,
You close your eyes and start to dream
About the wind, the rain and everything.

Cindy Pink, U. 2

SILENCE

He is locked up in his own terrible cage,
While everyone scorned him.
Yet, no one knew the real truth,
he was not stupid, just different.
He was a mute, nothing but a mute.
Everyone beat him, indirectly.
The pain was felt within his heart.
Would he ever escape?
Would this ridicule ever stop?
Who would free him from his prison?
If ever

Nancy Fraser, Upper 2

"TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON"

To everything there is a season,
The leaves to fall,
The snow to winter,
The flowers to spring
And beauty to summer.
But what about war,
War has no season,
Men die, countries destroyed, and families incomplete
War has no season.
Only good things have a season.

John Cameron, U. 2

ALONE WITH HER SHADOW

Standing along in the witness box,
I knew I couldn't lie,
Not even for a friend.

She was guilty, plain as day,
And I was the only witness,
All I could do was tell the truth.

I saw her face fall,
She had counted on me,
And now she was alone.

As she was taken off to her cell,
I felt disloyal to her.
Now she would be alone, alone with her shadow.

Pat Rooney, U. 2

AFRICAN TRIP

Now my name is Stan
And I'm a travelling man,
I haven't been roamin' for awhile
It was back in '09,
When I was in prime,
I took a packboat down the Nile.

Then after the war my life was a bore,
I said, "It's time for a change."
I said to my wife, "I've had it with life"
And she said, "Stan you're deranged."

"You can't go out there with the men without hair
They run around naked all day
I said, "Excuse me my dear, I don't really care,
I'm going out there anyway.

So off I went to Africa
Ready to take them all on.
What I didn't realize was the size of dem guys,
I knew I'd got it all wrong.

I said, "Hold it guys, this is just a disguise,
I'm really one of the guys.
They said with a grunt
"Hag a boo dela runt"
And promptly cut out both my eyes.

Now as you can see,
Don't be stupid like me,
Stay home and you'll be a winner,
But don't go out there where the natives are here
'Cause you'll surely be somebody's dinner.

Walter Kemp, U. 3

A MIDNIGHT WALK

You walk from the door,
into the night,
Unaware of your mysterious flight.
Behind the door you hear a faint hiss,
But only the hiss of the wind.
The lightning cracks loudly,
and you freeze in your shoes.
You begin to walk slowly,
further and further into the darkness,
until your place is reached.
You knock on the door,
and the respond is quick,
"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT,
YOU WORRIED ME SICK!"
You think to yourself,
"HOME SWEET HOME!"

Asad Wali, U 2

CHILD WITH EMERALD EYES

There she sat
Alone in class
With mournful eyes
Like emerald glass.

Secluded in her corner,
She would set and sway;
Looking inward only -
It happened every day.

Inside her head were feelings,
And thoughts no one could touch.
I knew her mind was reeling, and
I cared so very much.

I joined her in her corner
And tried to understand.
Her lifeless eyes were lonely, as
I sat and held her hand.

Then one day she came to me
And life was in her emerald eyes.
Her head was high, her heart was free -
She danced like pretty butterflies.

She says she's happy in our world
And never will go back;
She has a friend at last and now
The world is not so black.

Katie Andrews, U. 3

"HUGHIE GUNTHER"

"Now, Hugh, don't put that in your mouth!"
Ms. Gunther said one day.
"Why, honestly, you don't know where it's been!"
On Saturday, "My, noisy child!
Now please go out to play.
I've a headache, aspirin's nowhere to be seen!"
On Monday, "Turn that T.V. down!
I've asked you thrice before!
No, better yet, just switch it off instead."
Dawned Wednesday morn "You're late again!
Were you reading late 'till four?
Stop yawning, or I'll send you back to bed!"
On Wednesday eve the aunties came
For tea, gossip, and knitting
Hugh's mother made him carry round the buns!
The next day on the express bus
Hugh was standing and not sitting
Mother made him give his seat up to a lady with the runs.
Come Friday night a neighbor phoned
For someone (young, you know)
To clean out their garage for scanty pay.
Hugh's mother said he'd do it
But when called, he didn't show
Ms. Gunther's baby boy had run away.

Krista Murray, U. 3

ONCE UPON THE FUTURE

Once upon the future a long long time ahead, we, you and me, are going to be just simple pieces of metal maybe, without a brain or any life span, we will just not think, maybe we will, maybe somehow we will communicate but you never know for sure. Maybe we will just slide or bounce around all day, just waiting to die to get bounced to death, maybe we won't since we don't really exactly know what will happen we can't say. But maybe just maybe there won't be any you and me.

Michelle Horocek, U 1

SANTA CLAUS AND SUCH

Santa Claus and Jack Frost,
Are they really true?
The Easter bunny or elves and dwarfs
Do these dreams come true?
Santa Claus and things like that,
Are in another world,
A world where only dreams come true,
Or do they come 'to life'!
Where did they come from?
How do we know?
Are things like this really true?
Like Santa Claus and such

Sarah Jollimore, U. 1

A DUEL OF DIGNITY

On the seventh of April, eighteen twenty three the Duke of Parma was challenged to a duel. It came about when the Count D'Orleans found him flirting with D'Orleans daughter, Josephine, and so he challenged Parma to a duel. His very words were, "Monsieur, would you kindly be on Perpignan castle's field . . . tomorrow at dawn . . . prepared for duel, with my set of pistols." Then he strutted off to his carriage, pulling his daughter behind him.

The odds were against the Duke of Parma because of his inexperience, yet he was much faster than D'Orleans, whereas D'Orleans was known throughout France for his excellent marksmanship.

That night Parma was tossing and turning in his bed, and woke up several times. This happened because he kept dreaming about the ball that would kill him, about its roundness, symmetry and speed. The messenger of death. He work at five thirty, and when he looked in the mirror he saw a haggard and pale face. While putting on his neckerchief his fingers kept trembling and he could not stop them. When his valet was shaving him, he continuously fidgeted, and so was cut several times. After eating an extremely small breakfast he ordered his steward to bring round the carriage. They then left for Perpignon Castle.

During that time D'Orleans was sleeping. He was awakened by his steward at six thirty. After being cleanly shaven he ate a very large breakfast while reading the La Monde. He then wrote a letter to his wife and son in Paris, ending it by saying that he would see them in one week.

Picking up the guns he went to Perpignon castle. The two pistols were diamond studded, with gold cocks and ebony handles. They were symmetrical except that one of the barrels was untrue and was to cause misery.

D'Orleans found Parma there waiting for him. It was a crisp morning, and there was a mist hanging just above the grass. They walked out to the center of the field, and stood back to back. The steward gave Parma the guns for inspection. Parma then handed D'Orleans the defected one. Parma's legs felt light, he could not swallow, his stomach felt tight and his eyes were dilated. The starting whistle blew, they started to walk the twenty paces. Parma's face was pale, and he felt the beads of cold sweat trickly down his forehead. While D'Orleans face seemed carefree and calm. The twenty paces was up and Parma spun round on his heels and fired, and as the sun rose over the battlements of Perpignan castle, D'Orleans ceased to live. Parma then fell to the ground sobbing for joy.

Edward Rees, U. 2

PIANO PRACTICE

I'm in the back yard
A hole I am dwelling.
I'm in the back yard
A hole I am dewlling.
I hear sweet old Mom
What could she be yelling?
It's time for my practice
Now I fear
I have a plan.
I'll pretend not to hear.
But it's too late
Mothers on the way
Charging right toward me
What will I say?
Now my fingers
are on the cold keys
And I began to play
My Do-Ray-Me's.
Half an hour is up,
Practice is done.
But now it's time for
HOMEWORK FUN!!!!!

Cathy Novac
Upper 1

THE . . . LADY?

Who has seen her wave her hand,
Or at the corner seen her stand.
There she smokes, and winks by night,
if you've seen her, you'd know the sight.
Her hair is of a snowy white,
and in the wind blow left and right.
But then she heard, the steps were clear,
she knew who is was but did not fear.
Out from the shadows of the night,
he appeared, dressed in white.
He held out his hand and said "Hi Honey",
and with that she gave him money.
He walked away, with a limp,
for this young man, was her pimp.
Who has seen her wave her hand,
or at the corner seen her stand.

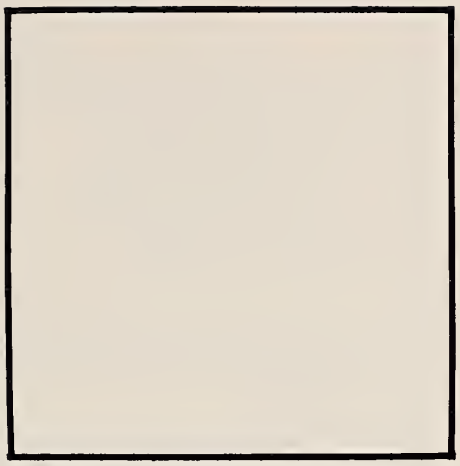
Neil McCulloch, U. 3



IT CAME UPON A SUMMER'S EVE

It came upon a summer's eve,
As the wind was whistling through the trees.
The golden sun, setting in the west
A mother sparrow flew from her nest.
The stars came out, night was falling,
The mother heard her babies calling.
With her motherly instince, she knew right away,
That someone had come to them for prey.
"Help, help" they cried, "Oh mother, or dear,
Why did you leave us along out here"
Just at this moment the enemy struck.
It hissed as it watched the birds in a stare,
Their faces held a look of despair.
They prayed to the heavens with their heart
And soul, to give them courage,
To let them be bold.
A sudden bark came from a savage beast.
The enemy cat was stunned with fright
So, it took off into the depths of the night.
After a while dear mother returns,
With her she carries their dinner, some worms.
Only soft night noises were now to be heard
All all was well with this family of birds.

Beth Medjuck, U. 2



MOTHER NATURE'S SOUNDS

As you walk through
the woods,
On a sunny
Autumn day,
You may hear sounds
That are
New and wonderful.
The wind
Rustling the leaves,
The bird's
Singing a song -
These sounds are
Most beautiful
When you are alone.

You hear the
Rabbit scurry
And the
Woodpecker peck,
Just stop and
Listen for a
Grasshopper's crick.
The sound's of
Mother nature
Are Tuneful to
the ear,
They lift up your spirits
If you just,
Stop . . . and hear.

Kersti Tacreiter, U. 1

Upper 4 to 6

I have memory and awareness,
But I have no shape or form,
As a disembodied spirit,
I am dead and yet unborn.
I have passed unto Olympus,
As was told the tales of old,
To a city of immortals,
Marble white and purest gold.

I see the Gods in battle rage on high,
Thunderbolts across the sky,
I cannot think,
I cannot fly,
I feel a silent scream begin inside . . .

Scott Bernard
Upper 4 1st Prize

SHOCK OF THE COLD

Its signals are clear
And it gives you fair warning
But those first few cold days are still a shock
As you stand on the frozen street and wonder
where the warmth went
The seasons change so quickly
That it takes your breath away
For winter catches your unprepared
And it has little mercy.

When the trees shed their leaves and the dog grows a
thick coat
When your hands begin to go numb outside
When the air bites and the once lush grass
no longer cradles your relaxed body
You sense a change in seasons
But you can not, *will* not accept it
For summer's memorys are too sweet to desert
Too painful to forget
Winter's coming

Ben Downing, Upper 4
2nd Prize

THE CLIVE

A crazy H.G.S. professor,
was thought to be a digit molestor,
He disproved ev'ry atomic theory,
And first period in the morning, when most were bleary,
He would skip and hop across the room,
Across the board his chalk would zoom,
To most of his pupils he appeared insane,
As he would flip, slide and rotate over planes,
And then he started to fool upper four,
He told them things they hadn't heard before,
By the things he said,
They were misled,
He taught them a logic that was wrong,
During their tests he sang them songs,
And when they left H.G.S.,
To go to a university, in the west
or in the east or north! or south!
All the universities threw them out,
And said "Their logic is backward, and wrong,
and during tests they all sing songs,"
So these students started to look,
for this crazy man, this insane gook,
Who had ruined all their lives,
And, thus, those of their husbands and wives,
And they could not find him but if *you* do,
Make sure to put him where he belongs, in a *ZOO*.

Laurel Weldon, U. 4
3rd Prize

THE DESK ON THE LAWN

It isn't very often that you see a desk on the lawn.
That is probably because it doesn't belong there.
Or does it?
What I am trying to say is that a desk is a table that is intended for the use of holding a book or writing paper.

This, we usually associate with stuffy offices or classrooms.

A lawn or field however is too passive or relaxed to aid the use of a desk in any way.

Have you ever heard of men getting ulcers from sitting on a lawn from 9 to 5.

No.

But you have heard about men, and women I might add getting ulcers from sitting at desks for that length of time.

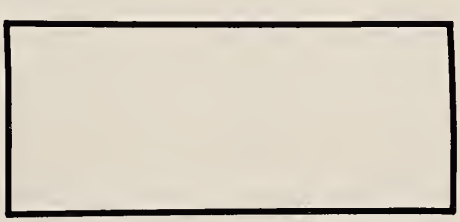
Desks and lawns go together about as well as sawdust and wine.

And then there is a clock now that suits a desk just fine
A clock would not go well with a lawn for many reasons.
One is that it goes well with desks
And another is the problem of where would you hang it.
So the next lawn you see check if there is a desk on it.
No, probably not, for it will have been melted by the quiet.

Graham Hooper, U. 4

Inside, looking out
I stalk inside my illusory prison
Impatient to reach someone -
- no one has reached me
Encased in an immaterial cage
The key lost in the labyrinth
- of my mind.

S. Ahmad, U. 5



Picture me,
I am part of a wallpaper design
Nobody notices me.
I am able to quietly observe life
From the boundaries.
Thus seeing all sides
through my eyes

Interesting, is my position
clearly youth is illustrated
before me
There is always a pattern
Its a test: everyone fails

Loyalty, like an apple
goes rotten if discarded
In youth, feast when it's ripe
for the seeds will always remain
untouched.

Anon

MOON

A buttery disk,
Slips across a cobalt stage,
Dipping into the shadowy corners,
Leaving darkness in it's wake.

Laurel Weldon, U. 4

JEHOVAH WITNESSED

Yesterday, the doorbell rang,
I answered.
A big negro man with a deep voice
and a little old lady
filled the doorway
and told me I will be saved.

I smile politely
. . . yes thank you . . . I agree . . .
no my mother isn't home . . . please come again . . .
I race up the stairs
and tell my mother
. . . Thank you, she says, you just saved me.

Rebecca O'Brien, U. 4

SPLAT!
Along came the blob.
CRACK!
A gasp, then a sob.
MUNCH!
Life is tough, you know.
CRUNCH!
What a drag, the snow.
POW!
Them cars go too fast.
BANG!
Oh lordy, now a cast.
MUSH!
My bod on the road.
BLECH!
A face like a toad.

Anon

MIDDLE CLASS

A man is a cog in civilization's wheel
Will work his entire life with limited aim and zeal
All that time spent in a box working, working away
So that he in forty years or so can move down south
Where he will stay.

It is Friday, five o'clock, this week comes to an end
But on Monday at nine o'clock it will all start again
The minutes, hours, days, weeks and years pass away
Waiting, waiting, just waiting for that day.
His son is born, goes to school, then will move away
Waiting, waiting, waiting for that glorious day.

Graham Hooper, U. 4

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SLUG

Wandering through the freshly cut lawn of a house on Lilac Drive
The slug slithers because it is one of the few days he is alive
He feels no happiness but also no pain
I suppose that's the advantage to such a small brain.
The Roberts boys come out to play.
The slug can't hear them but knows they're there anyway.
The sun is up and is very, very hot
But our slug isn't able to decide whether to get out of it or not.
He is hungry now, hunger without pain.
For the thought of hunger is filling his entire brain.
From nowhere comes a giant hand.
Which seems to think that our slug is a sort of rubber band.
He is thrown back to earth some distance away
This draws a close to our slug's fun-filled day.

Graham Hooper, U. 4

THE WORLD AT SIX

News at six; the scrape of chairs
Save the whales; napkin on your lap
Political participating; pour the milk
Economic doom; pass the gravy
Great literature; elbow on the table
New film; bite your nails
Natural disaster; open the pickles
Human heroics; tie in the butter
Technological advancement; split the rolls
Sports highlights; salt and pepper
Weather details; over goes the milk
Special guest star; clear for the next course
Medical breakthrough; praise the cook
Coming up tomorrow; raise a toast
Station identification; rumple the napkin
Musical interlude; loosen your belt.

Louise Cameron, U. 4

We have to be brave, said mom
Well he sure was.
he was once stuck out on a rock
for more than a week
When he came back t'was he ever weak
With no food for a week
He was ready to eat
almost anything with feet.

At first we were mad,
then we got sad.
And stayed sad,
for over a week.
Then he was found
And we were so glad.

Today we were never glad
just sad, sad, sad.
He . . .

Andrew Oland, U. 4

WEE JIMMIE

The story is started in a small Scottish town,
A haggis was born,
While the Scotch mist hung down.

He squalled and he greeted,
his old lady, sore tried,
Chucked him down in the street,
To go with the tide.

He grew a foundling,
Was a jack-of-all-trades.
He did joinery and plumbing,
was even a maid!

My story is ended,
The Haggis he died.
His life he defended,
and ended up fried.

(A haggis is seen as a legendary animal that flies. Every autumn, haggis hunters are 'supposed' to come out and watch the skies for haggis's.)

Karen Mills, U. 4

CHRISTMAS

Along the streets along the strand,
Salvation Army parades their band.
People stare among the crowd,
Noses frosty, voices loud.

The streets are quickly filled with snow,
Slush and gush the traffic goes.
Lights are flashing green and red.
Couples hurry home to bed.

Fires crackle, light bulbs gleem,
icicles by the lighthouse beam.
Preppies in sweaters, in their bright, green jeans,
Licking, slopping, slurping icecream.

"Christmas is coming, the goose is getting fat."
Typical carolers bombard the doormats.
K-mart flyers adorn your steps.
A bright, marischino cherry, in everybody's Schweppes!

Jane Abbott, U. 4

BEDTIME

"Hollywood" blaring on the radio,
how useless and stupid.
"Alegbra" - no - "Algebra,"
oh - forget it.
'Keiner, keinem, keines, keinem,'
Oh God! Maybe German just isn't my subject,
'I bet you don't know what Communism is!?!'
BROTHER!! - don't worry - just disown him.'
'Double Physics tomorrow,'
I don't think I feel very well.
'It's late, and you have school tomorrow!'
SCHOOL!!! Well at least I have volleyball.
'This light seems really bright!'
Its just your eyes - they're blurry from rubbing.
'Yawn - 10:57 - YAWN,'
I think it's time for bed
'LIGHTS-OUT'

Brigid Roscoe, U. 4


CLUBS CLUBS CLUBS CLUBS CLUBS



FENCING

The Grammar School fencing club, under the direction of Mrs. Scobbie, has prospered in many ways. Participation has grown in both the upper and lower school, especially with the latter, where the newest fencers show great potential. Already, in the last novice tournament, the school placed well in all the classes. We hope for continued success in the new year.

Kim Aerts



Back Row: A. Belcourt, E. Choo, W. Poon, E. Wallace, P. Kundzins, W. Richards
Middle Row: Karen Thomas, J. Pereira, Julion, C. Lee, E. Chuk, N. Hoffer-Wathering, K. Mills
Front Row: S. Newman, K. Murphy, A. May, B. Rakhit, A. Sacamano, P. Baskett, S. Kirby, A. Kartsaklis

BADMINTON

The Badminton Club has shown a phenomenal increase in participation by both the lower and upper schools. This is, no doubt, due mainly to the acquisition of new nets and shuttlecocks since last year, and numerous bulletins every week, alerting students to the Friday practices. There has also been an attempt to organize a team for competition, which has found much support, as well as an attempt to teach younger students.

Many thanks must be given to William Poon and Julion Wong for their assistance, along with the staff for their cooperation.

Christopher Lee
Paul Kundzins
John Yoo
Co-Managers



BADMINTON TEAM



Front Row: Andrew Oland, Rob Sephton, Andrew Allen, Ewen Wallace, Mrs. Degrasse
Back Row: Faith Wallace, Stephanie Green, Ben O'Halloran, Peter Nicholson, Matthew O'Halloran, Patrick Oland.

STUDENT COUNCIL

This year the Student Council has been afflicted with a disturbing lack of enthusiasm. After raising over $300.00 with our first dance, we were able to delay a major fundraising event until the spring. This resulted in no need for initiative, but interest has increased as the organization of the Winter Carnival progresses. We have continued to hold dances and gym programs to entertain the students, but the practicality of organizing the ski trip is questionnable. School trips conflict with the ski holiday and participation will be affected, although to what extent is not known.

The finances of the Council are very strong, and if all goes well next year's Council will have a strong base to start with. Thanks are due to Mr. Montgomery and Mrs. DeGrasse who relinquished their spare time to help with Council functions and whose observations and opinions were always welcome.

Ewen Wallace
Student Council President



Back Row: Louise Cameron, Faith Wallace, Rebecca O'Brien, Katherine Bishop, Katie Andrewes, Samantha Imrie, Sarah Burns
Front Row: Arlene Conter, Allyson Simmie, Laurel Weldon, Brigid Roscoe, Jane Abbott, Marie-F. LeBlanc, Sabeena Ahmad, Kirsten Beckett.
Absent: Judith Abbott, Dora Kemp.

ASSISTANT SECRETARIES

"Only one guest in the office" is the saying heard frequently by all assistant secretaries. You see, our job is so interesting that all our friends want to share our responsibilities (and privileges). These responsibilities include taking and delivering telephone messages, lending money, putting away the milk and giving directions to any visitors. Our privileges are the use of the front door, occasional use of the typewriter and a big brunch in the spring to see who is the biggest eater.

Each assistant secretary has her own day during the cycle schedule when she must be "on duty" and also a back-up day. Her working hours are from 12:30 - 1:30 while the secretary takes her well-deserved lunch break. I always find it interesting when I'm on duty because the office is the centre of the school and a fun place to work.

Judith Abbot
Head Asst. Secretary



Back Row: Chris Lee, Rob Sephton, Peter Nicholson, Tim Klassen, Tim Writer
Front Row: Katherine Lankester, Mrs. Scobbie, Chris Mills

LIBRARIANS

Once upon a time in a library far, far away, General Scobbie and Schlock troops protected faithful students from noisy vermin. These despicable cretans were constantly pummelled by the trusty library mercenaries armed with pepper-shot, rocket launches, and laser cannons. With the overstocked aresnal, librarians could easily enforce the oppression of free speech in the four corners of H.G.S.! But there is the odd time when one must call the ultimate power, General Scobbie, to suppress the masses. May the force be with you.

Peter Nicholson
C-3PO
R2-D2



Back Row: P. Roscoe, C. Hatt, B. O'Halloran, A. Allen, A. Turner
Middle Row: R. Green, S. Meinertzhagen, W. Kemp, B. Dolin, S. Burns, K. Murray
Front Row: L. Weldon, P. Oland, H. Atherton, J. Brayton
Absent: Lon Holland, Mrs. Aterman

| DEBATING |

This year there were many more participants in the Debating Club. The majority of the new members were from grades eight and nine and formed a strong group with the grade eleven members present from last year. We took part in the Nova Scotia Impromptu Debating Tournament and students of the Club placed amongst the top twenty debaters. With such increased interest in the Debating Club we stand to do much better in the next two or three years. Thanks must go to Mrs. Aterman for putting up with us. Atherman

Patrick Roscoe



Back Row: Chris Robinson, Judith Abbott, Rob Sephton
Front Row: Robbie Green, Jeff Mann, Roger Baskett, Katie Andrewes

RUNNING CLUB

There was a large turnout for the Running Club this year: members ranged from the prep school to upper six. With such a diverse group of runners it was difficult to arrange practices due to the conflicting schedules.

Since the school was entered in the Metro League this year, the competitive members of the Club were able to compete against the local public schools.

Respectable performances were made by M. O'Halloran, M. Oland and P. Mann in the under 14 category. R. Baskett, A. Oland, B. Dolin, G. Mann and K. Wood in the under 16 category. In the under 19 position, R. Sephton, C. Robinson, B. O'Halloran and Judith Abbott made equally fine showings.

The Club is looking forward to an active spring with the school cross-country and other league competitions.

Robert Sephton
Club President



Back Row: P. Roscoe
Front Row: A. Oland, M. Bain, C. Lee

REACH FOR THE TOP

The Reach for the Top team this year is comprised of Christopher Lee, Addesh Mago, Pat Roscoe and Andrew Oland, with Mark Bain as substitute. Before the actual taping for the CBC, we were fortunate enough to be able to compete at a tournament held at Halifax West, late in November. Unfortunately, we lost both our games, but by a very narrow margin. We hope, though, that the experience gained will help us in our first televised game.

Kudos to Paul Kundzins, for setting up a buzzer board, so that we could practice, and Mrs. Scobbie and Mrs. Andrews for their help.

Christopher Lee



Front Row: Miss Silver, Karen Thomas, Krista Murray, Stephanie Green, Jenny Brayton,
Back Row: Minga O'Brien, Matthew Murphy, Jay Ferguson, John Beale
Absent: Dora Kemp.

| MIME CLUB |

The mime club meets once a week and involves the upper grades of the lower school and the upper school. The club is organized by Miss Silver, who is well qualified in this activity since she had had many years of experience. The object of the club is to improve one's ability to express oneself using movements of the body and to perform for an audience. One of the presentations this year was a mime interpretation of a Roman drinking song which was performed for the Roman Feast "Saturnalia". The members of the club really enjoy performing and showing others their creative talents.

Dora Kemp

Prep School



DRAMA



Upper School

This year the Drama Club was split into separate upper and lower school clubs. The upper school Drama Club is looking forward to the performance of *Cyrana de Bergerac* and to presenting one act plays in the N.S.H.S. Drama Festival.

The lower school Drama Club meets once a week for a creative drama session.

N. Meinertzhagen..

JUNIOR CHOIR



The Junior Choir has had a busy year this year. Besides participating at the regular school events such as Christmas Program, Open House and Graduation, they have presented a number of concerts in the community.

On Dec. 2, they entertained the residents of Parkhaven Nursing Home. A highlight of the season was an appearance on ATV's Christmas Daddy show on Dec. 5. The choir's selections were pre-taped so the members of the choir had a chance to see themselves on television.

This year the choir was again invited to participate at the Dalhousie Chorale's *Christmas in Song* where at the midpoint in the concert the children are invited up on stage to join the Chorale in some Christmas carols and a musical quiz.

Even though school was out on Dec. 17, the choir's season didn't finish until Dec. 20 when they participated in the Simpsons-Sears carol singing on CFDR radio station. That same evening they were carolling in the streets and dropped in on the residents of Camphill hospital. A party at the home of the director finished a very busy holiday season.

In February the choir participated in the Kiwanis Festival and had a chance to compare themselves with choirs of other schools.

In May a concert in the noon hour series of St. Paul's Church, Grand Parade, completed the many community events that were scheduled this year. Certainly singing in the choir is a rich and lasting experience for our young singers in Prep School.

Valda Kemp, Director

SENIOR CHOIR



Back Row: P. Rooney, S. Hosein, L. Barker, N. Fraser, Mrs. Kemp
Front Row: S. Jollimore, B. Byrne, E. Block, E. Jones

Ten plus members of the Senior Choir have enjoyed Wednesday noon hours, reading through some favourite musicals and discovering the pleasure and satisfaction of singing in parts. As the brand new members become more confident, outside events will be organized to enrich their singing experience.

Valda Kemp, Director

| ROWING CLUB |

With the help of the St. Mary's Boat Club and old boy Iain MacLeod, the sport of rowing will be open to students this spring. The Rowing Club will be essentially recreational. Members will be able to use the 8 man & 4 man shells possibly some sculls on occasion. The club will hopefully encourage recreational rowing outside of the school organization and may perhaps serve as a stepping stone to involvement in a university team.

Club President - Robert Sephton

| RUGBY CLUB |

The sport of rugby has been reintroduced into the H.G.S. sports curriculum in the form of the Rugby Club. During the winter months practices were held in the gymnasium and concentrated upon the basic rules and skills of the game. As spring approaches, we hope to get some field experience, learning the kicking and tackling aspects of the game. Hopefully by that time the club will have become familiar enough with this traditional game to possibly compete against other schools if only in exhibition games save nothing else. There was a large turnout this fall and with members such as Ben O'Halloran, U.5 and Roger Baskett, U3, the club is assured a long and fruitful existance at H.G.S.

President Rob Sephton


SPORTS
SPORTS
SPORTS
SPORTS

The school year '82-'83 has seen the Grammar School's Athletic Program further broadened. A variety of new sports have been undertaken with various results. Of most importance, however, is the greater opportunity for students to become involved in new and different activities. Hopefully a diversified program offers something for everyone.

Soccer continued to be an HGS strongpoint, although the senior boys team was unfortunately beaten out during regional playoffs by the eventual provincial runner-up. The under-thirteen team played exceptionally well at the private schools' tournament in Winnipeg - a most worthwhile experience for all of thos involved. A new element of the soccer program was introduced through the grade twelve leadership program where an elementary girls soccer club was established.

While participation in the school's cross country day reached new heights, the school team began competing on a regular basis for the first time. The results were quite respectable and indicate considerable potential for future competitions.

Our volleyball season was in high gear before soccer and cross country were finished. The senior girls team had their work cut out for them, losing 5 out of 6 from last year's Metro "B" championship team. With considerable hard work and determination, the girls proved that beyond a doubt, they were the most improved team in the league. Only losing one player next year, they will be very competitive over the next two seasons. The senior boys' team, while recovering from soccer, gelled into a very competitive squad just in time for the provincials. Playing exceptionally well in provincial tournament competition, they lost only to the two playoff finalists. Watch out next year!

Not to be outdone by their senior counterparts, the junior boys volleyball team went on to win the Halifax city 'b' league and then our first junior high championship, in playoff action. A job well done! The junior girls club team was also very active. We expect them to move into inter-school play next year.

First term sports also included swimming. We were able to put together a team to compete at the Halifax City schools Meet held in October. Although entries were limited, the Grammar School placed consistently well in all categories and events entered.

Second term saw the badminton team begin more intense practice as well as tournament play in preparation for the metro championships. At the same time, fencers began inking the sports pages, fairing well in local meets.

By mid-January, the basketball season was well into scheduled play. The senior boys put together a competitive team, while the girls continued to make their presence felt, although this only being their second season in league play. The senior boys basketball team made it obvious that their athletic skills go much beyond volleyball. In a pre-Christmas 'a' tourney they placed fourth and were ranked highly in 'b' league play by mid-January. The junior girls played intently at the club level.

Third term will prove interesting when table tennis is introduced at the club and inter-school level. Similarly, it is intended to produce a track and field team to compete in federation meets.

Finally, this season has once again proven what hard work and dedication can do. In a school with a very limited school population, HGS continues to compete respectfully with much larger schools - keep that quality GRIFFINS!

Scott Logan



Back Row: R. Verrier, W. Richards, A. Oland, P. Nicholson, P. Keefe, T. Writer, Liu Tak Ming
Front Row: S. Meinertzhagen, N. McCulloch, W. Kemp, J. Garnett, R. Sephton, E. Wallace, C. Robinson, B. Downing

SENIOR SOCCER

The senior boys soccer team had a rather short season this year, ending with a 2:1 win/loss record. In our first game, an exhibition match against C.P. Allen, we adjusted to each other's style of play. Having lost several key members from last years' squad, it was a pleasure to see Neil McCulloch and Chris Robinson lead the way in blowing out CPA 7 to 1. In our next game against Halifax West we secured a 2 to 1 win.

Special mention must go to William Richards and James Garnett for their fine performance in goal; Rob Sephton for his work in the midfield and Richard Verrier for his great offensive debut, scoring both goals.

Having two goals under our belt we travelled to Bridgetown for a qualifying match for the Provincial Tournament against the team started well with the offense led by Ewen Wallace, hitting the goal post on several occasions. Yet due to two unlucky goals, our defense lost some of their composure. The game ended with a score of 3 to 0, though certainly not indicative of our fine play.

With players like Neil McCulloch, Geoff Mann, Roger Baskett, Ben Dolin eligible to play for several more years for the Grammar School, there are great hopes of winning a Provincial Championship in the future. Special thanks must go to Mr. Guy Forbes and old boy Robbie Sinclair for their time and effort in coaching this years' team.

Rob Sephton

UNDER 13 SOCCER



Back Row: B. Audain, J. Cook, V. Bigio, E. Rees, J. Dolin
Front Row: T. Andrews, P. Mann, C. Audain, M. Oland, M. O'Halloran, M. Stephens, Drummond Vogan
Absent: Paul Burnell

This year's under 13 activities in soccer took us to Winnipeg, Manitoba where we were nobly hosted by St. John Ravenscourt School. Mr. Kidelele and Mr. Knox.

Whilst our team had a strong nucleus of 'old hands', there was some disparity between these and the 'rookies' some of whom were very young. We were indeed fortunate with the play of our goalkeeper Matthew Oland who valiantly stepped into the shoes vacated by his brother and performed superbly.

In our first game against Appleby 'B' we were faily intimidated by the size of the opposition and the big booming kicks they would launch from their penalty area. But they lacked speed on the turn. Colin Audain put us ahead with a nicely taken goal and that bundle of energy, Matthew O'Halloran, headed home a P. Burnell corner. This was followed by a contest with St. Johns Ravenscourt which was a very even struggle that was decided by one break and in spite of very spirited pressure in the last quarter of the game, HGS lost 1-0.

On Friday we worked hard to beat a robust Crescent School side 4-2. Colin Audain shone in this game with a hat trick after Paul Burnell had scored with a lefted cross from the left wing. In the next game against Hillfield, we tried hard to stay even with our opponents but lost an entertaining game 5-2. Against St. Johns Elora we played well to emerge as 4-1 victors.

Our final game on Saturday was a rather disappointing defeat at the hands of Ashbury. On the third day we seemed to show our youth and stamina were sapped and the legs can't function effectively on will power alone. But then the coach came back lame after a workout with the coaches in a coaches and boys game. Some example for "participation", he was lame for a good two weeks.

However this year saw us achieve the best results we have had so far in the tournament, with three wins against two losses in the tournament. Our goal production was considerable (13 goals in 6 games) while our defense played effectively under pressure.

The captain, Michael Stephens, a natural left footer who has taught himself to kick effectively with his right, played brilliantly throughout the tournament and led his side very much by his untiring example and good sportsmanship. M. O'Halloran was a dynamic forward who played according to the superb cliches, literally throwing himself wholeheartedly into every tackle and sorte Colin Audain was balanced, poised and showed good generalship in attack. He scored some well-taken goals. P. Burnell gave us a balanced forward line with his effective centring of the ball from the left wing. Stalwart workers throughout were Brian Audain, Edmund Rees, and Jonathan Dolin. Victor Bigio was an excellent surprise. He showed tenacity, energy and good ball skills. We received good reports from the staff and billets on the excellent spirit shown by everybody on the team and we all have happy memories of visits around Winnipeg and our introduction to *Pac Man.*

Next year we visit St. John's Elora, just outside Toronto, Ontario. This experience may lead us to accepting the responsibility of hosting this tournament in the near future.

John Lankaster
(Team Captain)



Back Row: R. O'Brien, K. Lankester, K. Bishop, A. Simmie
Front Row: J. Abbott, F. Wallace, B. Roscoe, J. Abbott, M.-F. LeBlanc

Senior Girls Volleyball

This year's senior girls volleyball team had more fun than wins. Unfortunately we didn't have a very experienced team. All the girls were playing their first year volleyball except moi. However, the future looks very rosy for these players.

We played about twenty matches from various schools in Halifax and Dartmouth, coming up with victories over Dartmouth High, the Convent, Sackville High, and Halifax Ladies College. The Metro "B" Championships were held in mid-November at Sackville High with all seven teams in the league competing. We were in a division with two of the toughest teams, Halifax West and Prince Andrew, and also Sackville High. We lost our first two matches but then showed our powerful offence and beat the host team, Sackville High. This, however, was not enough to put us into the semi-finals.

Before this tournament we had played in the qualifying round for the regionals but unfortunately did not place in the top two teams.

We did have a lot of fun this season, even though we didn't win very much, and on behalf of the team I would like to thank Scott Logan, our coach, what a guy! I would also like to wish next year's team the best of luck and hope that they have as much fun next year as I did this year.

Judith Abbot
Team Captain



Back Row: J. Abbott, N. Fraser, D. Kemp
Front Row: P. Rooney, C. Pink, S. Halebsky, M. O'Brien

Junior Girls Volleyball

The Junior Girl's Volleyball Club has been very enjoyable to run. The main purpose of the club was to get together to learn the rules of the game, improve skills and to enjoy the sport. We played an exhibition game with St. Andrew's school in Dartmouth, but we are not in a league because we do not have as many players as we would like to have. The six girls in the club are very enthusiastic about playing volleyball. We have nocticed definite improvements in their abilities. We hope that they will continue to be interested in the sport and to eventually form the Senior Girls Volleyball Team and represent the Halifax Grammar School.

Judith Abbott
Dora Kemp



Senior Boys Volleyball

Back Row: C. Lee, T. Writer, R. Sephton, P. Nicholson, P. Keefe, C. Robinson, A. Mago
Front Row: E. Wallace, R. Barbara, P. McNeil, A. Novac, G. Hooper, B. Downing, S. Bernard

After scraping together a team after a depressing soccer season, spirits were low. It also happens that volleyball takes place towards the end of first term and cramming seems to be a priority. Subsequently the players looked like buzz-eyed zombies rather than athletes for the first while. This lasted until Mr. Logan took out a hot poker and made sure the players were on their toes. Once we got serious we played like a team and showed the competition how good we really were. Unfortunately for us the two matches we lost at the provincial were to the two finalists but in our final game we held off a 14-8 score against us for twelve match points, playing as though we had had an extra bowl of wheeties each. Thanks should be extended to Mr. Logan for the time and dedication to the team. Good luck in 1983, from all the graduates. Hang Ten guys!

Addesh Mago
Ewen Wallace
(Co-Wheeties)

This was the first year that our school participated in the city junior volleyball league. It is hard to say that we just did well, for we performed superbly! We won everything we possibly could. The teams worked tremendously hard to become the top team in the city, which was no easy task. The highlight of the season was our capturing of the 'Halifax city junior boys volleyball championship' in late November. I would like to thank the players on the team for their cooperation and efforts. I would especially like to congratulate the captains of the team, Stephen Meinertzhagen and Robbie Green for providing the necessary leadership. I would also like to thank Mr. Logan for his help, and the entire school for its recognition of the team's performance and for its outstanding support, thank you.

Addesh Mago (Coach)

Junior Boys Volleyball



Back Row: A. Mago, N. McCulloch, C. O'Brien, G. Mann, T. Writer
Front Row: R. Green, S. Meinertzhagen, R. Baskett, B. Dolin, W. Kemp



Back Row: A. Novac, P. Nicholson, P. Keefe, B. Lang
Front Row: E. Wallace, R. Sephton, A. Oland, W. Poon, A. Turner

Senior Boys Basketball

This year we have been blessed with the arrival of a new coach, Mr. Pat Neining. Fresh out of the N.B.A. he has nurtured and raised a team of misfits and delinquents. The team is struggling through the season but they are always in the spirit for a good post-game celebration, win or lose. Peter Nicholson does a job grabbing balls on rebounds and Rob Sephton is strong driving to the hoop. Ewen Wallace's dribbling in mid-court leaves the opponents calling for a horse. The other members of the team offer strong support on defense and offense and they will continue to try their darnedest next year. Good luck to all the swell guys, 23 skidoo. And don't forget: E.T. phone home.

Peter Nicholson
Ewen Wallace
(Co-jerks)



Back Row: R. Sephton, M.-F. LeBlanc, J. Abbott, B. Roscoe, P. Nicholson
Front Row: L. Weldon, K. Bishop, E. Chuk
Absent: N. Hoffer-Wathan

Senior Girls Basketball

Despite the loss of the majority of our last year's team, we have been making considerable improvement and progress in our game strategy and attitude. Although the results have been somewhat disappointing, we do look forward to every game and anticipate our future years of victory.

Our coaching staff, this year, has been somewhat varied, but special thanks go to Donna Lamb and members of the Dal Basketball team, Anna Pendergast and Karen Bird. Rob Sephton also deserves special thanks for his constant help and support.

Judith Abbott
Marie-France LeBlanc



Back Row: E. Wallace, C. O'Brien, R. Green, P. Bhattacharyya, G. Mann, R. Baskett, S. Meinertzhagen, D. Robertson
Front Row: N. McCulloch, P. Oland, P. Mann, E. Choo, A. Belcourt, B. Dolin

Junior Boys Basketball

At this time I feel sufficiently confident to predict that we, the Junior Basketball team are about to begin a major discovery. So far in the season we have lost all three of our games. Our record however, does not properly indicate our standing in the league as two of the games were against the best teams in the division. With the ability of Neil, Ben, Geoff, Choo, Roger and Robbie, the heighth of Paul and the burning desire of David, Andre, Chris and the Olands should finally be able to start playing quality basketball and finish the season with a .500+ record. In the one game that we should have won we were without our 'Big-Man' Paul, our 'Little Man' Ewen (the coach?) and our point guard Robbie. Now that our line-up will become more dependable and we should be all right. Thanks to Ewen for his time and fire leadership. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Stephen Meinertzhagen



Back Row: R. Sephton, C. Novac, S. Barbara, P. Nicholson, A. Davis, K. Tacreiter, P. Rooney
Front Row: M. O'Brien, S. Jollimore, B. Byrne, C. Nicholson, J. Gaede, L. Barker

Junior Girls Basketball

1982-83 was the first year H.G.S. had a junior girls basketball team. The girls didn't compete with other school teams but met once a week at lunch time to learn the game, its rules and skills. Everyone who comes is enthusiastic about playing and are getting quite good at playing. We would like to thank Peter Nicholson for his time and for his patience.

(ed.)

ACADIA

Acadia is keeping up its reputation of omnipotence. In the fall cross country, Andre Belcourt, Rob Sephton, Jennifer Silverman, Matthew O'Halloran, Chris Robinson, Kathy Lankester and Kelcey Parker all had award winning performances. The house is well represented in all of the school teams from boys' senior soccer to girls' basketball.

As for intermural sports, Acadia shows great spirit. Not only do we have a good turnout at each game, but once we get rolling there's no stopping us. Yet, don't think of us as merely jokes. Our Reach for the Top team headed by Chris Lee has yet to lose a game. A large portion of the performers and stage crew of this year's school play "Cyrano de Bergerac" are Acadians. With the spring cross country and track and field day still to come, it looks as if Acadia should literally run away with the House Championship.

I wish to thank all of Acadia for their support especially Robert Stairs and Marie LeBlanc for their enthusiasm and time given to the house. Do it to them again next year guys!

Robert Sephton
Acadia House Captain

ROYALS

After a disappointing finish in last year's Intramurals, Royals has shown strength in the Junior and Senior events. The Juniors swept the placings in the fall cross-country and have demonstrated enthusiasm which has increased participation two-fold from last year. The Seniors did well in the cross-country but there is room for much improvement. In senior intramurals their participation is high and we should continue to accumulate points. The only trouble Royals has had this year has been with the Intermediates. Because of disorganisation among house captains many of the Intermediate games were not played or were won by forfeit. Participation in the way of people wanting to play is very low but hopefully cooperation among students will keep the remainder of the year busy for the Intermediates. I anticipate another strong showing in the spring cross-country run and I know that Royals will hold its own in the track and field meet. What deems to be a successful year may restore Royals to champion status and I am sure that Andrew Turner will continue to keep enthusiasm high next year as House Captain.

Ewen Wallace
Royals House Captain

GLOOSCAP

This year's Glooscap House Team is filled with outstanding talent from grades 1 through 12. Our team has enjoyed great success so far this year and I hope we continue our winning ways in years to come. I would like to thank my fellow House captains for helping in organization; also I would like to thank everyone on our team for their great support and enthusiasm. Andrew Oland deserves special recognition. As assistant House captain, Andrew exhibited some of the qualities seen in older students. Thanks.

Addesh Mago
Glooscap House Captain

WINTER CARNIVAL





This years Winter Carnival was a tremendous success as both the Upper and Lower schools had a full day of activities. The prep school enjoyed their annual games and films while the upper school delighted in watching students turn green during the class contests. Instead of a pudding contest, students had to eat a litre of ice cream while lying on their stomachs and their hands behind their backs. An entirely new contest required participants to run a course and to eat ungarnished hotdogs and rolls at checkpoints along the way. At each of the checkpoints they had to do exercises "to aid in digestion!"

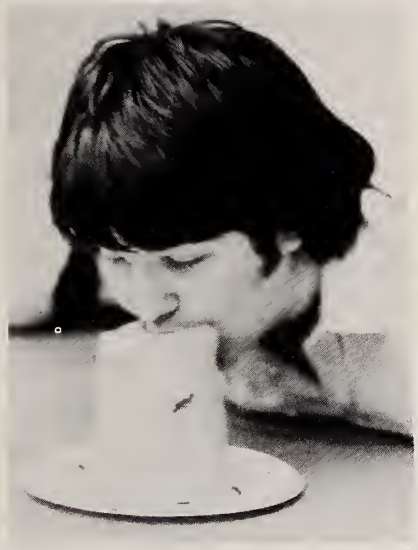
The Student Council thanks those people who took time to ensure that the Upper school activities ran smoothly. The overall success of Winter Carnival must be attributed to those students who ran the Prep school activities and to the teachers who were so patient with the Council.

Ewen Wallace

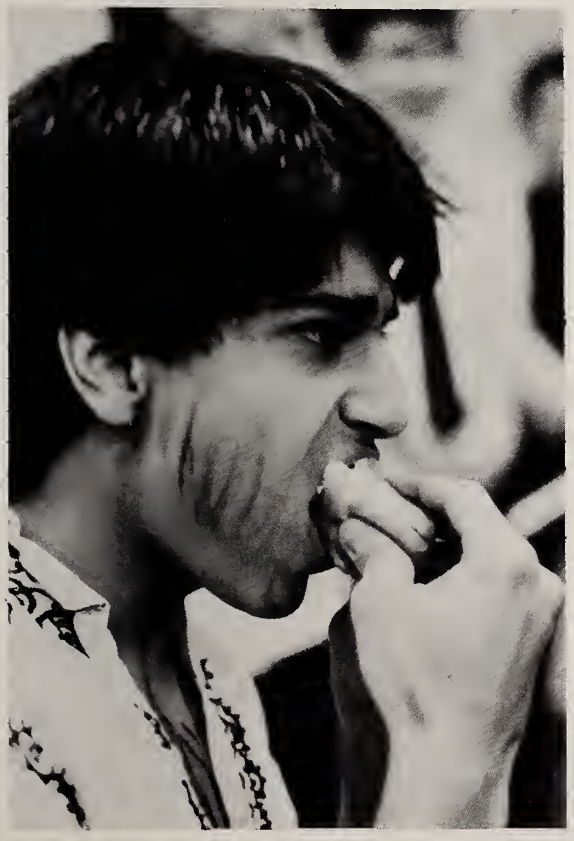








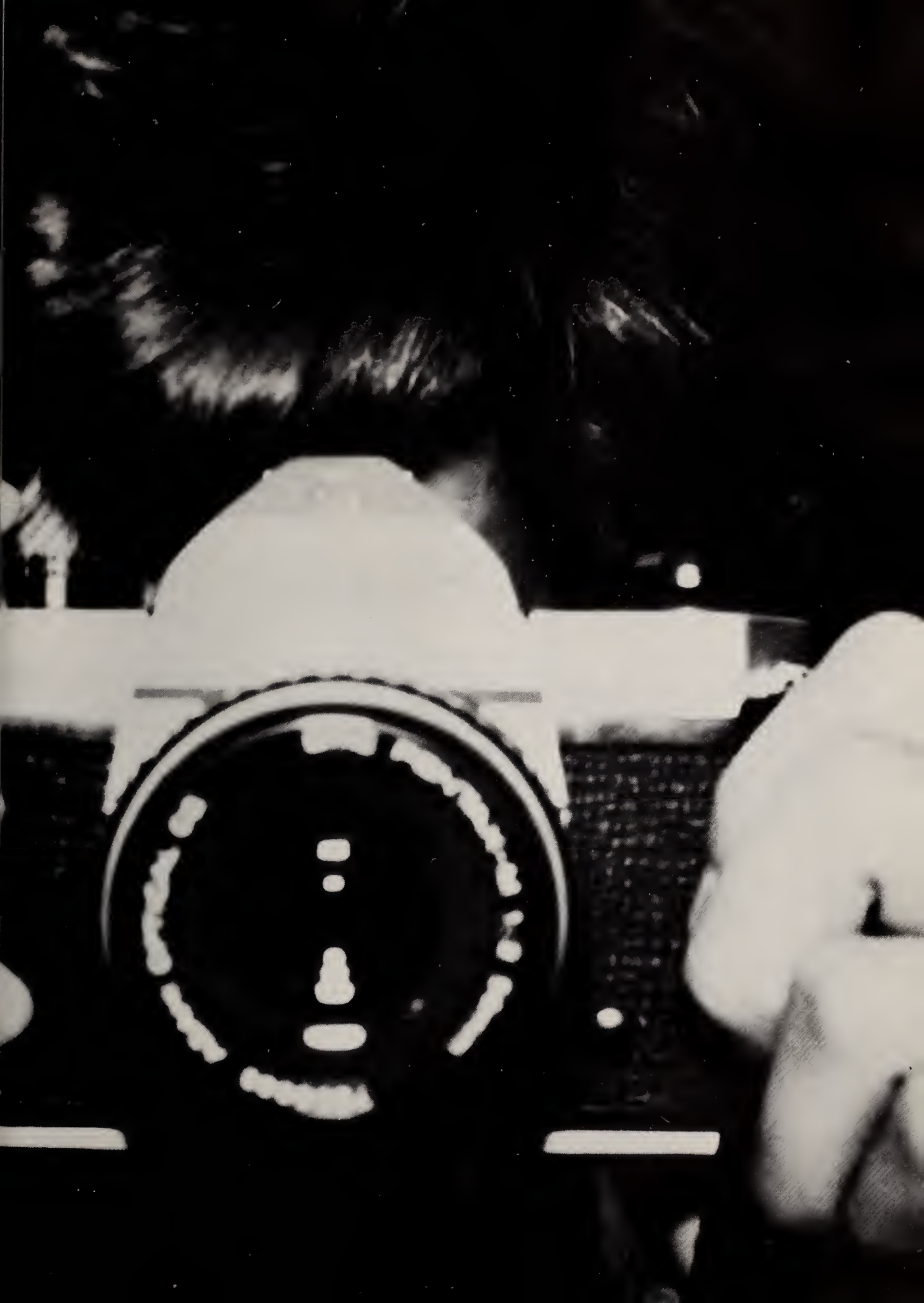






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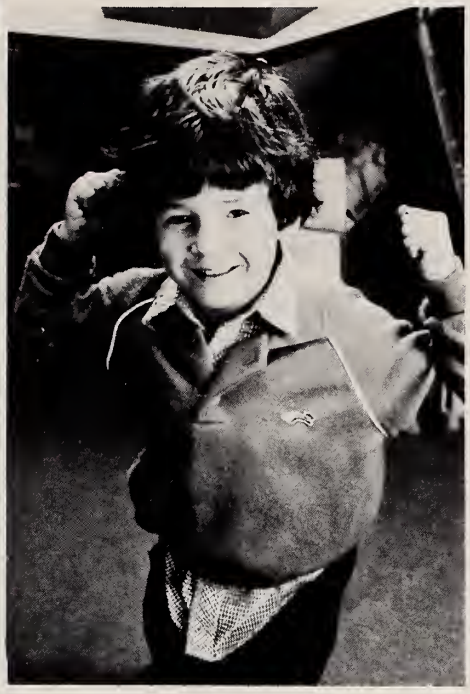
















































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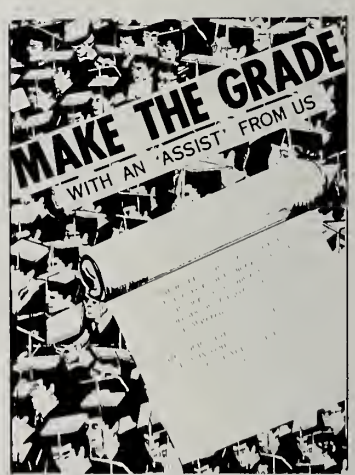
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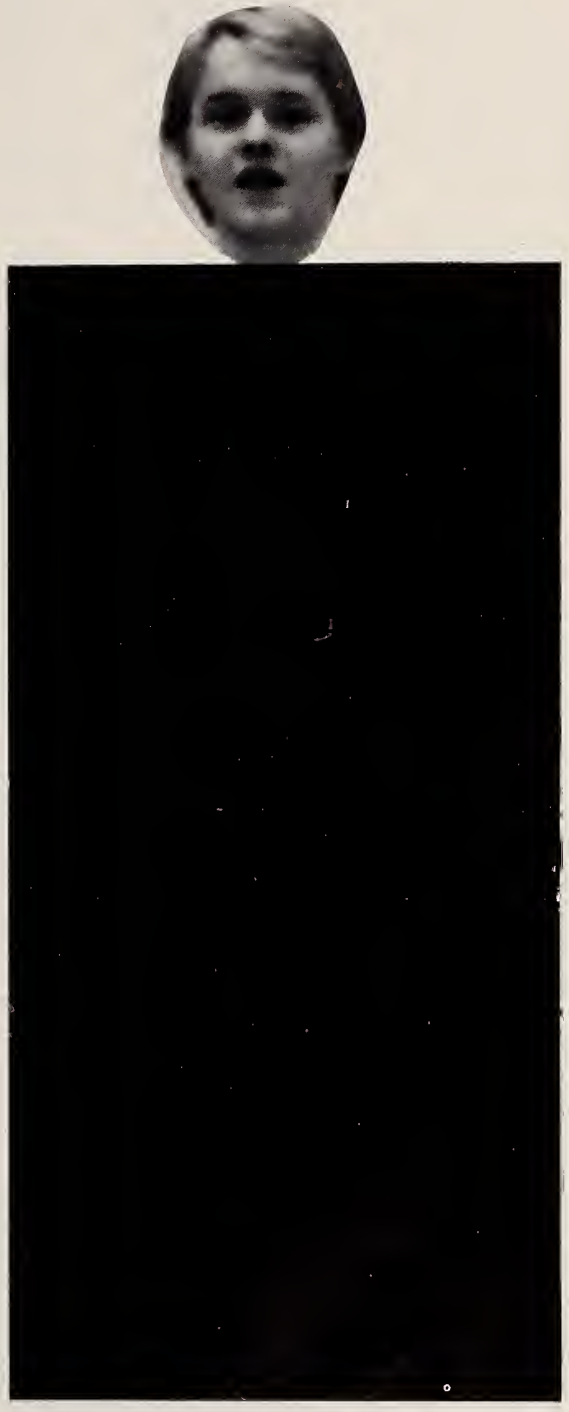
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